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L. Hemming, Firenze.

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LONDON:

G. SCHULZE, 13, POLAND STREET.

# LA PESTE

POEMA

DI

GUIDO SORELLI

DA FIRENZE

AUTORE DE' " MIEI PENSIERI "

E

TRADUTTORE DI MILTON.

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LONDRA :

PER L'AUTORE, 18, PICCADILLY ;

DULAU E CO. SOHO SQUARE ; SAUNDERS E OTLEY, CONDUIT  
STREET ; ROLANDI, BERNERS STREET.

1834.

# THE PLAGUE

A POEM

BY

GUIDO SORELLI

OF FLORENCE

AUTHOR OF "I MIEI PENSIERI"

AND

TRANSLATOR OF MILTON.

THE ENGLISH VERSION

BY

*Julia*  
MISS PARDOE.

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LONDON;

FOR THE AUTHOR, 18, PICCADILLY;

DULAU AND CO. SOHO SQUARE; SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT  
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A'

SUOI SOTTOSCRITTORI,

INTITOLA IL PRESENTE VOLUME

IL RICONOSCENTE

L'OBBLIGATISSIMO E OBBEDIENTISSIMO LORO SERVO,

GAETANO SORRELLI.

18, Piccadilly.

TO  
HIS SUBSCRIBERS,  
THE PRESENT VOLUME IS  
GRATEFULLY AND SINCERELY INSCRIBED,  
BY THEIR OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,  
GABO SORRELL.

## PREFAZIONE.

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Il segno terribile (ultimamente apparso) dell' ira del cielo con gli uomini,) è il tèma, che già due anni mi fù suggerito da persona di cui mi pregio essere amico.

Scoraggito io dall' altezza del soggetto, lasciai passare alquanti mesi, senza che mi bastasse l' animo d' applicarmi, dopo che piacque alla Provvidenza che mi facessi a trattarlo.

Com' io vi sia riuscito, a me non tocca a decidere.

Quel che mi è lecito dire si è, che non mai in futuro aprirò questo volumetto senza provar sentimenti della più



## P R E F A C E.

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The terrible sign which lately appeared, of the wrath of God towards man, was the subject suggested to me about two years ago, by one of whose friendship I am proud.

Startled at the difficulty of the undertaking, I suffered many months to elapse, ere I could summon sufficient resolution to apply myself to the task proposed ;—it however pleased Providence that I should make the attempt.—With what success, is not for me to determine. The only remark which I shall permit myself to make, is to express a conviction that in after-years, I shall never open this little volume without experiencing the most lively sentiments of gratitude towards those to whose generous pa-

santa gratitudine verso tutti i generosi che l'han' voluto proteggere col darmi modo di pubblicarlo: e principalmente verso la Damina, che, nell' Aprile degli anni, si è già meritata un posto eminente fra chi si applica a quegli studj, che

“ Levan' di terra al ciel nostro intelletto,”

e che col dono elegante della di lei versione ha dato un' esempio di quella generosità verso lo straniero, che caratterizza singolarmente la nazione Inglese—nazione, che, dopo Italia mia, mi sarà sempre la più cara.

Non v' è dubbio che la politica è morte della Poesia.—Fan' di ciò fede quei canti della Divina Commedia, che, dopo l' era di Dante, sprofondarono con l' andar del tempo nell' Inferno suo, da dove non risorgeranno più mai a destare interesse nella mente ò nel cuore degli uomini.

Che vi son parti nel mio poema, che san' di politica, temo potrà esser l' opinione d' alcun' de' miei lettori.

Ma siccome il dar conto verace di sé, e de' propri sentimenti è cosa a noi medesimi difficilissima, è certamente cosa impossibile ad altrui l' indovinarci e somma presunzione il sentenziare.

Mi sia quindi permesso spiegare (da quel che mi par' di sentire), qual io mi credo di essere.

Io detesto ogni politica che separa i cuori da' cuori, col

tronage its publication must be referred ; and especially to the Lady who, in the morning of life, has already merited a conspicuous place among the few who devote themselves to studies which :—

“ *Levan' di terra al Ciel nostro intelletto*”\*

and who by her version of the following poem affords an instance of that generosity towards strangers, which singularly characterizes the English nation,—a nation which I shall, after my own Italy, ever love above all others.

There can be no doubt that politics are the death of poetry. This truth is established in those Cantos of “ *La Divina Commedia*,” which, after the era of Dante, sank deeper and deeper by the lapse of time into his “ *Inferno*,” whence they can never again emerge to awaken interest in the mind or in the heart of man.

That there are portions of my poem which are political, will, I apprehend, be the opinion of some of my readers.

But, if it be one of the most difficult of all things, to give even to ourselves a true account of our own motives and feelings, how impossible must it be for others to guess at them, how presumptuous in them to pronounce a judgment. May I then be permitted, ere I am condemned, to explain from what I really feel, that which I believe myself to be ?

I detest all political bias which separates heart from heart—which awakens hatred and vengeance in the breast

“ \* *Exalt our intellect from earth to heaven.*”

destar odio e vendetta nel petto degli uomini, già tanto miseri per esser tali dove l'occhio dell'Eterno non vegli difensore ad ogni battito del loro cuore !

Quindi è che quanto aborro il rancore politico di Dante, altrettanto ammiro—idolàtro—l'amar che fà Petrarca, nella Pace, il benèssere di tutti i suoi. Quindi è, che, se ho parlato, l'ho fatto ad esempio suo

“ ——— Per ver dire

“ Non per odio d'altrui, né per dispetto,”

e che, fautore io della Pace pregherò sempre a Dio (finch'avrò giorni di vita) e griderò sempre agli uomini

“ Pace ! Pace !! Pace !!!”

Londra, 18, Piccadilly.

Ai 31 Marzo, 1834.

of man—already sufficiently miserable that he is mortal—should the eye of the Eternal God cease to watch over and regulate every pulsation of his heart.

Even as I abhor the political virulence of Dante, do I admire—idolize—that feeling of Petrarch, which, breathing love to all mankind, inculcates benevolence and peace. If therefore, I have expressed my sentiments, I have done so :

“ ——— per ver dire  
Non per odio d’ altrui, né per dispetto,”\*

and, lover as I am of Peace, I shall never cease to solicit of my God, (so long as I have life) and to exclaim to all mankind :

“ Peace ! Peace !! Peace !!!”

\* “ ——— In all truth ;  
“ And not through hatred or despite of man.”

London, 18, Piccadilly.

March 31, 1834.





# LA PESTE.

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## *LIBRO PRIMO.*

Fuor' del mistèro già della sua Glòria  
Tonato ha Dio! Hanne tremato i Cièli:  
Prostrati si son' gli Angioli: cessato  
Han' tutte l' Arpe angèliche: s' è Giòja  
Velata il vólto; e un non sò che d' opaco  
S' è nel Giórno de' Cièli òggi mischiato!

Gran Dio, che fia? Di provocato sdégno  
Ségnj son' quèsti, oh cèrto! Ah quèsto è d' ira  
Segnale e di vendétta! Contra l' uòmo?  
Ah sì! Deh! nol ferir, Padre! Sospèndi....  
Sospèndi ancóra il cólpo, e gli errór' suoi  
Dóna a Mercé, ch' è in Té, gran Dio, natura!  
Omè, mént'r' io sì prègo, il raccapriccio  
M' agghiaccia il cuòre al suòn' di vóce iv' éntro,  
“ Pregar, che non s' adémpia il volér Mio  
È dei delitti il mæssimo!” s' adémpia!  
Al volér Tuo rasségnomi, e m' umilio.

Già, per sé spalancàtesi, le Pòrte  
Avean' de' Cièli l' Angelo fuòr méssso....



# THE PLAGUE.

---

## *BOOK THE FIRST.*

FROM the mysterious cloud, which veils His throne  
Our God hath thunder'd—and the trembling Heavens  
Have quail'd beneath the terrors of His voice!  
The kneeling Angels, prostrate at the sound,  
Have hush'd their sacred harps—and awe-struck Joy  
Hath veiled her glowing brow;—while vapours strange  
And shapeless, shroud the vast expanse of Heaven.

Great God! what may ensue? Is this the sign  
Of thy dread anger? . . . . of thy coming wrath?  
And wilt Thou war with man? Almighty Lord,  
Blast him not utterly—suspend the stroke;  
And by thine essence, which is mercy, Lord,  
Visit his sins with pity. Yet, alas!  
As thus I cry, there freezes at my heart  
A dread, which shapes itself into the voice  
Of prayer; deep, humble, and soul stricken prayer.  
“I know that to contend against Thy will,  
Is of all sins the greatest—I am Thine,  
Thy will be done—to that I meekly bend,  
And bow in all humility to Thee!”  
Heav'n's gates unfold themselves; and forth he comes,  
God's stern avenging Angel; bearing Death

Dell' ira del Signor l' Angel ministro !....

Angel di mòrte agli uòmini ! La Giòja,

(Uscito lui) scopèrtasi la frónte,

Del suo sorriso gli àngioli a far lièti

Ricominciato avéa. Le già depòste

Ghirlande d' amaranto essi riprese,

E surti, dall' angèliche lor Cètre

Uscìr féan' suòni l' àere di dolcézza

Tutto d' intórno ad émpiere !

“ Son' giuste,

Giuste (ei così cantàvan) le Tue vìe

Sono, o Gehòva ! o Dio, che fai beàto

Chi Ti sèrve, chi T' ama e chi Ti téme,

Non perché fùlmin' hai, ma perché Padre

Sei di bontà.... Bontà Tu stéssò e Pace.

In cièl per Te siam' àngioli.... nel cièlo

Che Tu di Té compóni a chi Ti piace,

Ché il cièl, che sì ci bea, è il Tuo sorriso.

Opra di mano Tua tutto è Tuo dóno

Quant' è, quant' hai creato, e sènte e spira :

Ma di tutti i Tuoi dóni il più bel dóno

È il *Volér*, che Tu *Libero* hai largito

Agli Angioli ed' all' Uòm. Tu quì princìpi

A Ti mostrar lor Dio. Padre pietoso

A Ti mostrare in séguito proségui,

Quando la cólpa de' tentati lavi

Col sangue preziosìssimo del Figlio :

E allor Ti mostri Giùdice trémèndo

Quand' all' infèrno l' àngel tentatóre

Danni e l' uòm rèò, che in Cristo Tuo non créde !

Per l' uòmo, omè, per l' uòmo òggi s' acciglia

La frónte Tua, Gehòva !—Ei la misura

To man, and to his seed. Even as he speeds  
 His downward flight through space, reviving Joy  
 Unveils once more her beauty ; and with smiles  
 Of Heaven's own brightness, cheers the Angel-Host ;  
 And they, who on the starry vault had cast  
 Their amaranth circlets, grasp those wreaths again ;  
 And, rising, waken their angelic harps  
 To melodies of Heaven, which melt in air,  
 And die like subtil essences, whose power  
 Is felt when they have pass'd.

“ Thy ways are just,”

(Thus sing they:) “ Oh Jehovah! blessing those  
 Who love, who serve, who fear Thee—less, oh Lord,  
 Because the Lightning dwells with Thee, than that  
 Thou art their Father—that from Thee they draw  
 Goodness and Peace—that to Thy Love they owe  
 That they are Angels in Thy glorious Heaven,  
 That Heaven which is Thyself—and where Thy smile  
 Makes an eternity of blessedness.

Above, around, beneath us, all is Thine ;  
 Thy will hath fashion'd, and Thy hand hath form'd  
*All* that hath breath and life. All is Thy gift :  
 Yet above all, oh Lord ! Thy mightiest boon  
 Is that proud freedom, men and angels, bless'd  
 By Thine Almighty goodness, share alike.

'Tis here indeed we feel that Thou art God  
 Our Father and our Lord : who, with the blood  
 Of Thine own Christ, did'st wash away our sins,—  
 Whom to deny is death ! Who, with a brow  
 Severe and stern, wilt judge us one and all,  
 The Apostate-angel, and the Atheist man.

Alas ! Thy frown is lowering even now :  
 The measure of iniquity is full ;

D' iniquitati ha cólma ; assai lo annunzia  
Dell' ira Tua l' armato Angel di Mòrte  
Testé dal Cièlo uscito a fare strazio  
Chi sà di quante vittime segnate !  
Mercé, Signor, mercé ! Lucìfer' émpio  
Ride, e, ridèndo, ad ingoiar spalanca  
Già nelle fàuci orrènde i peccatóri !  
Dacché nel móndo, a Te nemico e all' uòmo  
Fù di regnare à Sàtana perméssò,  
Il móndo . . . il móndo stésso da Satàna  
Fù per gli uòmini in laccio convertito,  
Entro cui prési fàcile ei potésse  
Di Té tranarli immèmore all' Inferno.  
Frutto d' àlbero infètto ei dalla culla  
L' uom peccatore, a tré nemici incóntro  
(Al móndo, a Sé, a Lucifero) méstièri  
Pugnar gli è sempre: e se di star vegliando  
Un sol momento ométte ó di pregarti,  
Con suo vantaggio sùbito l' assale,  
E, a divorarlo, abbàttelo il Demònio.  
Quanto vèver nel móndo e l' alma avére  
Vòlta, fuòr d' éssò, a amar Té sólo in cièlo,  
Tu sai quant' è difficile, o Signóre !  
Ch' uòm' ti facésti, e, giunto all' ùltim' óra,  
Cos' è sentisti il crédersi da Dio,  
Che per provar si cèla, abbandonato !  
“ Padre, perché ” (sclamasti) “ m' abbandóni ? ”  
(Quasi d' èsser scordando crocifisso)  
All' agonia del dubbio, che di mòrte  
Minacciar quasi l' ànima ti parve !  
Ed èri Tu pur Dio ! Tu, sénza macchia !

The fiat hath gone forth ; and in his might  
The avenging Angel stands, at whose high beck  
Forth flash the lightnings of 'Thy hoarded ire.  
By Thee commission'd, who shall stay his hand?  
Or who shall number, as he works *Thy* will,  
The victims of his vengeance? Hear us, Lord!  
Have mercy on the weakness of mankind!  
With gaping jaws sits Satan in his place,  
Prompt to devour his prey, and to o'erwhelm  
The world in his own ruin. Hear us, Lord!  
Since he, the treacherous enemy of souls,  
Hath walked the Earth, that Earth hath been a snare.  
He stifles all our memories of Thee  
In some fell hour: and in that hour, lost man  
Becomes his victim: man, the canker'd fruit  
Of an infected tree—man born in sin;  
Who from his cradle hath three mighty foes  
With whom to battle through his earthly life  
The world....that gilded lure, that specious bait,  
Which dazzles while it damns—nor less against  
That foe to virtue, his own fainting heart.  
Or *he*—the Tempter, ever on the watch  
For an unguarded moment, to rush in  
And claim the soul which had denied its God!  
Thou knowest, Lord! how many earthly ties  
Are twin'd about our spirits—how the world  
Beguiles us of the Love we owe to Thee!  
Even Thou, God as Thou art, in the last hour,  
When thou wert writhing on the Cross, did'st feel  
The anguish of that fear, which, more than all  
Of mortal misery, bows the sinking soul:  
The fear of being abandon'd by Thy God....  
That Holy One, who sometimes hides His face  
To try the strength of man's too failing faith.  
“ My God!” didst Thou exclaim in that dark hour,  
“ Why hast Thou thus forsaken me, my God ?”  
Before that awful fear Thy mortal pangs  
Were all forgotten: nail, and bond, and spear,  
Had lost their power to wound: upon Thy soul  
Settled the Doubt of Death! Yet *Thou* wert God!  
In *Thee* there was no sin—the gleaming wings

Tu, del célèste Spírito dall' ali,  
Che baldacchino ti facéan', protètto !  
Ma l' uòm ! ma l' uómo ! ah mìsero ! Congiura  
Tutto a danno degli uòmini l' Infèrno,  
E, se l' Infèrno assónna, il còr lo tènta.

Della Tua glòria un raggio.... un raggio sólo  
Ah pur splendésse agli uòmini ! Oh cóm' éi  
D' òdio sól dégno abborrerèno il móndo,  
E, di Te innamoràtisi e del cièlo,  
Abbraccierèn' la Cróce, arra di Pace !  
Del Tuo bèl lume al raggio, ch' è *Virtude*,  
L' intèllètto dell' uòmo stenebrato  
Discerneria, che Tènebre.... che Pianto,  
Null' altro è 'l móndo : e, pace disperando  
Di mai godére in Térra, su cui négra  
Nube hai sospésa Tu—“ Maledizióne !”  
Té a contemplare il còr, l' ànima tutta  
L' uòm volgérèbbe. In tal contemplazióne  
Tutto assórto, in un mar di tutta giòja  
(Ch' è il contemplarti e l' èssere beato  
Sólo una còsa !) ei sentiriasi l' uòmo ;  
E nelle vie spinóse, óve, a far pròva  
Dell' amór suo per Té, dèe camminare,  
Sarìa d' un Dio, ch' è Padre in cièlo étèrno,  
Il non lontan prospètto glorióso  
Bàlsamo alle ferite ; panacèa  
Ai cuòr' trafitti ; alle smarrite fòrze  
Léna dal cièlo ; e all' ànima, ch' è lassa,  
L' ale non stanche mai della Speranza.  
Ma in móndo maladétto abbandonati  
Ch' ei son ramménta gli uòmini, o Signore !



Of the most Holy One, about Thee spread,  
And form'd a canopy above Thy Cross.  
But man, the insect—man, the thing create  
In Thine own image, thronging in whose path  
Stand all the Legions of the Evil One ;  
Whose nature is corrupt, awhile, when Hell  
Forgets to tempt, proud empty in the power  
Of his supremacy on earth, becomes  
A Tempter to himself.

Oh ! should one ray,  
One only ray of Thine immortal light  
Flash on his darken'd spirit—then, oh Lord !  
How would he hate the world he worships now !  
How would he cling to Thee and to Thy Love  
How eagerly would he take up his cross  
And win Eternity by prayer and praise !  
Oh God ! Thy light is Virtue: blessing all,  
And blessed in itself. By that bright beam  
Lost man would see the darkness of the world :  
Nor idly waste his years of life on earth  
Seeking for peace where peace can never come,  
While he, and all his seed, are stretched beneath  
The fearful pall of Thine enduring Curse !  
To Thee would he lift up his heart ; to Thee  
His Father and his God : and, in a flood  
Of joyful contemplation, worship Thee !  
Then would he tread the thorny path of life  
Heedless of all its trials ; looking still  
To Heaven, his destined goal—to Thee his God !  
Then would Thy comfort bind his bruised heart,  
Revive his sinking soul, and bear him up  
Upon the wings of never failing Hope.  
But now, remember, Lord ! Thy creature man,  
Moves in a world accursed ; girt about  
With dangers and with snares too subtly set

Sèmpre all' insidie espósti d' àngel rèò,  
Senz' altra spème che la Tua proméssa,  
Senz' altra Luce che le Carte Tue  
A ogni uòmo inesplicabili, cui mastro  
Lo Spirto Tuo non fàcciasi divino!"

“ Ingiusti, traditori, ipòcriti émpj”  
(Sì di Pietà l' angèlica preghiera  
Dal Tabernacol Suo trónca Giustizia!)  
Ei si son' fatti gli uòmini. Di Cristo,  
Ch' è della glòria Mia il più bel raggio,  
Ch' io manda' lóro a illuminar le Carte  
(Pace, sollièvo in Tèrra e Paradiso!)  
Nègan', nefandi! la missión Divina;  
O' l' han', se Dio lo crédono, in disprègio,  
Perch' Egli umìle, e mite, e tutto amore  
Le ingiurie perdonò, sanò gl' infèrmi,  
Rése la luce agli òrbi, a' peccatòri  
Mercé profèrse, e per gl' ingiusti, in cróce  
A placar Me, spirò l' ànima Ei giusto.  
È mia bontade agli uòmini omai fatta  
Di quanto han' di più rèò (gli émpj) bersaglio,  
E d' essa (empj) abusando, ogni mio dóno  
A danno lor convèrtono in mio sprèzzo.  
È l' oratore Atèo, che a chi più paga  
Vénde (nefando!) l' orazioni sue.  
Seminator di scisma anticristiano,  
Lascia del móndo agli uòmini in iscritto  
Falsi ricòrdi Istòrico infedéle.  
Fà della Stòria di Caìno il Vate  
A mia Giustizia d' ingiustizia accusa,  
Perch' in balia dell' uòmo I' rilasciài



By an infernal foe ; in Thee alone  
Dwells all his hope ; Thy promise is his strength,  
Thy Gospel is his shield ; Thy light his spear  
Nor even these avail him, should he wield  
The weapons, proud in his own borrow'd might,  
Forgetful of the hand from whence they came.

“ Mankind are ingrates : careless of their God ;  
Traitors to Me and to My holy laws :  
False to the faith, and reckless of My voice.”  
(Thus spake the Deity, while round His throne  
The angels sued for man :) “ Deep sunk in sin,  
They have refus'd the Christ whom I have sent ;  
My only son ; the brightest ray which beams  
Of My eternal Glory—He, whose life  
Wrought out the Gospel which He went to teach.  
That Christ whose name was Peace, whose law was Love,  
Whose service was a paradise on earth.—  
Or, if indeed they knew Him to be God,  
In their blind vanity they turn'd aside,  
And when they saw Him humble, deem'd Him weak.  
Though sinn'd against, they found Him still forgive,  
And did but sin the more ; they felt His love  
And paid it back with treachery. To the blind,  
He gave again the blessed light of Heaven ;  
He heal'd the sick : He bade the sinner hope ;  
And when mankind had rous'd My dreadful ire,  
He died to save a world which I had doom'd !  
And now—the creatures whom My hand has form'd,  
Raise up their impious heads ; and dare again  
The undying thunders of My quenchless wrath.  
The blessings I have scatter'd o'er the land  
They turn to sin by their profane abuse ;  
The mighty gift of intellect—the seal  
Of the immortal—that most lofty boon  
Which makes man Lord o'er all the peopled earth,  
Use they to My despite. The Atheist weaves  
His web of darkness—wields his war of words—  
And questions My Divinity : nor less  
The Infidel Historian traces out  
His venom'd pages, and bequeathes the world  
False records 'gender'd by his darken'd soul.  
The Poet, careless of the crime, pours forth

Esser Caino, ó Abèle èssere al móndo !  
D' umano sangue ó i Ré son' assetati  
(I Ré, che in Tèrra a far le véci Mie  
Mandai di Padre agli uòmini, e cui sólo  
Mercé e Bontà a Mé lor Dio assomiglia),  
Od inviliti e oziósi, immèmorei (émpj !)  
Dell' assegnata a lor parte divina,  
Dell' ambulante lor cadàver vivo  
Solo curanti, fanno ìdoli lóro  
“ La gola, il sònno, e l' oziose piume,”  
Méntre lascian' de' sùdditi la sòrte  
A rèo ministro ipòcrita ed avaro  
“ Di Ré malvagio consiglièr peggióre.”  
Del Santuario Mio sóno i custòdi  
Non più pastóri quali istituì,  
Ma lupí delle pècore in lór cura,  
Che a lunga mòrte ei dànnano.... alla Fame,  
Per avér mòdo di saziare il maí  
Non saziàbil dell' òro maledétto  
Empio appetito intèrno che li róde.  
Uòm più non è che l' altro non invidi.  
Supèrbia ha fuòr chiamate dell' Infèrno  
Invidia ed Avarizia (le gémèlle  
Empie sorèlle sue), e quèste han' régno  
Quasi nel cuòr d' ogni uòmo. Le incoraggia  
Lucifer' émpio a far víttime sue  
Quante vi sóno al móndo ànime vive.  
L' uòm s' assoggètta all' émpie, in còr le accòglie,  
E, sórdo al mio chiamar, scólta sol ésse.  
Invàn di Padre Io séco.... e di pietóso  
Padre le parti ho fatte in ógni Etade.

His strain of gilded falsehood, where he paints  
Injustice as an attribute of God ;  
That God, who out of Chaos form'd a world :—  
And when I leave it to man's will to move  
An Abel or a Cain upon the earth,  
He deems My justice slumbers, or My love !  
And they to whom I have entrusted thrones,  
Heaven's delegates on earth, to work My will  
Among the nations, how have *they* fulfilled  
Their several missions ? By a thirst for blood  
Or by that listlessness, . . . . that love of ease  
By that supine and sensual care of self,  
Which wipes away My image from the brow,  
And writes there other records,—They, meanwhile  
My people whom I made, to whom I gave  
The world as an inheritance, are left  
Beneath the sway of more ambitious men . . . .  
The wily Minister, who makes his zeal  
Subservient to his crimes—or the base slave,  
Whose subtle arguments, half smiles, half gall,  
Begin in pride, and end in bitterness.  
The shepherds, to whose care I gave my flock,  
Have turn'd to wolves, and rent them ; not alone  
For this world, but the next : by evil laws  
Engendering murmurs ; by insatiate lust . . . .  
The quenchless lust of gold, which beggars all  
While it enriches them—draws forth the curse  
Which might have slumber'd, in the ruin'd breast  
And damns the man by his own misery !  
Doth not pale Envy, foster'd, reign supreme  
In every soul ? The good I give to one,  
But makes his fellow sin the more. And Pride,  
The Hell-begotten twin of Avarice,  
Is thron'd in every heart. Satanic spells  
Entwin'd with worldly lures, enslave and bind  
The human spirit ; while My promises,  
Embracing an Eternity—pour'd forth  
Through an indefinite immensity,—  
Mankind pass by, unheeding. To enjoy  
A little day of sunlight, they will dare  
The everlasting midnight of my wrath !  
Have I not lov'd my people ? Yet in vain,

A rèa generaziòn disprezzatrice  
Di Mià bontà, succèsse ognór malvagia  
Generazion peggióre. Il móndo invècchia,  
E peggióra invecchiando. I' del suo fine  
Più móstro al móndo indizj che s' apprèssa,  
Più fassi il mondo incrèdulo del Fine.  
Invano usai con l'uòmo Ira ó Bontade!  
Del Mio sorriso ó del cipiglio Mio  
Similmente gli uòmini incuranti,  
Córron' ràbidi in braccio a Satanasso,  
Che appéna accòlti, scàgliali all' Infèrno.  
Ma, sebbèn empj, e, quel ch' è peggió, ingrati  
Non vinceran' già gli uòmini la pròva,  
Ché, a lor malgrado, I' di Mercé e di Pace  
Esser vo' Fónte e Padre a lor benigno.  
Vedran' l' Angel gl' iniqui della Mòrte  
Con cipiglio che tutti li minacci  
Dardo brandir, cui non fu mai l' eguale;  
Della cui punta il tatto un mòrbo infónde,  
Che fia, dell' Uòmo a strazio, della Lébbra  
Penoso più, dell' ùlcere più schifo,  
D' Idrofobia più squàllido. Supèrbia,  
Pompa, laccj d' amor, trofèò onorato,  
Mòlli tappéti Assirj, od àurea règgia,  
L' ira a frenar dell' Angelo fien' nulla.  
In pari mòdo i pòveri ed i ricchi  
Qua' sòn' le fréccie sentiranno ond' egli  
È (Mio ministro) armato. La casèlla  
Di vìmini tessuta, éntro cui siède  
A mèzzo nuda, in brìvidi, affamata  
La Pòvertà nel lóto e in isquallóre:

Through countless ages have I borne their sins  
With all a Father's patient tenderness.  
And how have they requited me ? By deeds  
Deeper and darker still ; while added years  
Are but the parents of iniquity.  
Signs have I oft vouchsafed, and miracles  
To lead My people back into the Faith,  
And bless them with My pardon. Yet these proofs  
Of My surpassing mercy, have they wrought  
Into new means of evil. Peace I gave  
Through piety, and they have spurn'd the gift.  
My judgments have I thunder'd on the earth,  
And they have dar'd them even as I smote.  
Reckless alike of Me, and of My power,  
Man woes destruction with a yearning heart,  
And welcomes Satan as a bosom-guest ;  
Yet is My patience not out-worn. My love  
Still welling forth for this misjudging race.  
I am their Father, and the Lord their God.  
Who, from the atoms of the earth I made,  
Hath call'd them into being. I will smite,  
Yet shall not all be smitten—I will send  
Death's dark destroying Angel through the world,  
Bearing an arrow ; and upon his brow  
The characters of vengeance ; he shall strike  
Where 'tis My will to humble : and the barb  
Of that fell arrow shall be dipped in wrath,  
And poison where it points—A dark disease  
More loathsome than the leprosy—more keen  
Than the swift weapon's edge—more harrowing  
Than madness in its crisis, shall it bear  
To man and to his race—nor pomp, nor pride,  
Nor tie of love, nor trophy of renown,  
Nor soft luxurious couch, nor gilded dome,  
Shall quench that Angel's ire. The rich, the poor,  
Alike shall feel his stroke. The thatch-clad hut,  
Where squalid poverty, unwashed, unfed,



L' ampia di vaghe dipinture adórna  
Nòbile sala, ove de' lor triónfi  
Ghignan' le Bèlle, della Mia vendétta  
Ambo apriranno all' Angelo le pòrte.  
Il focolar dolcèssimo, a cui prèssò  
Siède vicino il padre al primo-nato,  
Sulla cui cuna végliano le luci,  
Batte il cor, gòde l' alma della madre :  
Di dissensiòn la casa abbominanda,  
Ch' è d' insulti, ch' è d' urli, ch' è d' ingiurie  
Lugùbre tuòn', contìnuo bufèra,  
Vedran' del pari alcun del nùmer loro  
Cader dell' Angel vittima. Ma tòlti  
De' Vivènti dal nùmero infinito  
Pòchi, in rispètto al nùmero, saranno;  
Ché Mia Mercé mandata a trattenére  
Hò del ministro Mio la man già alzata  
Sulle migliaja, che Infèrno inghiottirèbbe,  
Fuòr della Vita appéna, peccatori.  
Vedrà il Supèrbo gli ùmili cadére !  
Vedrà l' Iniquo i buòni agonizzare !  
L' Umile e il Buono in mòrte I' porrò ésèmpio  
De' Tristi innanzi all' ànima. Ei vedranno,  
Che Quello I' son' che dà, Quegli che tòglie,  
Quei che consèrva il dato, ó sel riprènde ;  
Che tutto sol da Mé quello deriva,  
Ch' ha di virtù, ch' ha di bontà nel móndo  
Crédito e fórma ; ch' è dell' òpre Mie  
L' uòm giusto in Tèrra l' òpera più bella ;  
Ch' egli è per lui il soffrir Fónte di giòja....  
Ch' egli è il morir per lui Pòrto di vita !

Sits shivering in its rags—the festal Hall,  
Where beauty smiles in triumph—both shall ope  
Their portals to the Avenger. The sweet hearth  
Where sits the father by his first-born son,  
The mother by the cradle of her child ;  
And the wild home of discord, where loud hate  
Peals forth its bitterness—alike shall see  
Some of their number fall. Yet will I spare,  
Nor utterly destroy ; for man shall see  
That I am He who gave, and who hath power  
To take what He hath given. In death's dread hour  
The pious and the meek shall call on Me,  
And I will fold them in the arms of love ;  
As dying, they bequeathe unto the world  
A lesson, and a pledge. Then shall men own  
That all which is, I AM ; and that My law  
Is one of mercy and of blessedness :  
That all the Just are Mine—My goodliest work ;  
And that the cares with which I try my flock,  
Are but to win them closer to Myself.  
While Death, the phantom from whose awful shape  
The sinner shrinks aghast, the feeble fly,  
Is to the pure the mightiest boon of all.  
Then shall mankind, awaken'd to My power,  
Confess My judgments just : and that My hand  
Chastens in mercy : that the thorns I strew  
About the paths of My elect, are sent  
In pity to their weakness, lest they sink  
In slumber, and forget to watch and pray.  
That My all-seeing, all-controlling love,  
“ Tempers the wind to the shorn Lamb,” nor yields  
Even to My vengeance, lest that vengeance crush  
The creature of My wrath : or, should he fall  
Before My anger,—when the unfetter'd soul,

Vedran', che, quando a ricercar le cólpe  
Mando de' Fidi miei Tùrbini e Spine,  
Di Mia Mercé la mano è che li guida,  
(Ch' è delle mie procèlle ànima Amóre !)  
E che, se in esse nàufraga il Fedéle,  
Ritròvasi, spirato, in sen' d' Amóre...  
D' Amór, che étèrna l' ànime....d' Amóre,  
Che Mia delizia ad esser le sublìma.....  
D' Amor, che imparádisa e sèmpre è nuòvo.  
Ch' I' són' quell' Un vedranno che ammolisce  
I cuor' ch' èn duri, e gli ostinati impiètra :  
Che quanto I' son' pietóso I' són trémèndo !  
Che mèzzo avér non vo' fra i buòni e i rèi ;  
Ch' è ricompènsa ai buòni un Paradiso,  
E punizione ai pèrfidi un Infèrno !  
Vedran', che, Dio invisibile, I' li védo :  
Ch' I' són Quell' Un, che sóno in ogni dóve.....  
Quell' Un, che le paròle, che dal labbro  
Non son' uscite ancora, òdo ed intèndo :  
Quell' Un, che d' uman cuòre {arcano al mondo)  
Lègge, intèrpreta e giùdica ógni mòto :  
Quell' Un, che sól, sò amar chi Mi détèsta  
Non che scordar l' ingiurie immeritate :  
Quell' Un, che fà di Padre e fà d' Amico  
Le parti a chi d' Amico.....a chi di Padre  
Privo è rimasto al móndo : Io sol quell' Uno,  
Che a chi m' odiò perdóno, óve dal séno  
Mandi sincèro a Mé di contrizióne  
Un sospir sól :—ma che, talór trémèndo,  
M' ascóndo a chi, ostinato insino a mòrte,  
Prèga, giunto agli éstrèmi... e più non l' òdo ;



Freed from its earthly tenement of clay,  
Lies panting in the dust, doth raise it up  
And bring it to an everlasting joy ;  
That love which links Me to a fallen world :  
Which sublimates the spirit of the earth,  
And likens it to Heaven. The love which grows  
Out of itself, and is for ever new.  
And I am also He whose power can melt  
The harden'd heart to penitence ; and teach  
The sinner to abjure the sin, whose weight  
Had overwhelm'd his soul with misery.  
I am a jealous God : and those who move  
Upon the earth, must serve Me with their hearts,  
Or they are not of Mine : upheld by Me,  
The righteous shall be saved : and Paradise  
Shall woo them to its bowers of Amaranth.  
But, wither'd by My curse, the sinner's doom  
Shall be a Hell of never-dying flame ;  
Where My unslumbering eye, with blinding light  
Shall scorch them, though unseen : for I am He,  
The Omnipresent God, from whose wide ken  
There is no hiding-place ; who dwells alike  
Upon the summit of the mountain-crest,  
And in the depths of ocean. I am He,  
The Omniscient God, who knows the secret thought  
Ere it has shap'd itself in words ; who reads,  
(As 'twere an open volume,) the closed heart,  
And from whose eye no secret can be hid.  
The Omnipotent—the Eternal—who forgives  
And loves the creature even in his sin :  
The Father of the fatherless ; the Friend  
Of the afflicted, and the desolate.  
The Judge, whose mercy softens the shut soul,  
And melts it into penitence and tears.  
And I am He, who, by the mystic love  
I bear to man, can be won back to save ;  
And though denied, yet linger to reclaim :  
Who by a secret sigh can be subdued,  
If it be heav'd in sorrow for the sin.  
But I am also He, the Terrible,  
Whose power can crumble worlds—the Mighty One,

E che, com' un de' Ladri crocifissi  
Inspiro in morte, a dir “ Di mé, Signore !  
“ Nel régno Tuo rammentati arrivato !!! ”  
Lascio l' altro indurato, all' agonia  
Giunto di Mòrte, Cristo maledire,  
E l' alma in Sen di Sàtana spirare.  
Vedran', ch' I' son' Mistèro . . . . e Onnipossènte !  
Vedran', che Dio chiamar dell' azion Sue  
Co' tòrti lor giudizi a cónto mai,  
E che studiar d' intènder le Mie vie,  
È la stoltézza sómma de' mortali :  
Che Étèrno, Imperscrutàbile, Trémèndo,  
I' son' Quéllo ch' I' sóno . . . . ch' I' són Dio !

Al primo suòn' dell' adorata vóce  
Fécesi in cièlo universal Silènzio . . . .  
Silènzio indescrivibile . . . . Silènzio,  
Che neppùr dato è agli uòmini qual sia  
D' immaginar . . . . Silènzio, al cui confrónto  
Quel, che, nel còr di Nòtte, par' regnare  
E Règgia avér del Colossèo nél cèntro  
(Sovran' dell' ómbre e amico . . . . armonia grata  
A chi finì nel móndo d' agitarsi)  
Il tuòn parrià degli Eleménti in guèrra !

Dalla bocca del Visto e non Veduto  
(Ché splendór tanto abbàcina i più dégni !)  
Gli Arcàngeli nel cièl pendévan tutti,  
I Serafini e gli Angioli. Tremóre  
In ógni còre incusso avéa de' primi  
Sévèri accènti il suono, e in ógni pètto,  
(Che tutti iniqui èn' gli uòmini convinto,)  
Tremar sentìa l' Angèlico suo cuòre

Who hides Himself in clouds, in thunder speaks,  
And smites with lightnings when His wrath awakes !  
Who, at the hour of death, bends not to hear  
The tardy cries of those who spurn'd their God  
'Till bow'd by suffering to that God they turn.  
Yet I am He, the Merciful, who heard  
The murmurs of the Thief upon the Cross,  
When, full of faith, to My beloved Son,  
He pray'd, and cried : " Oh Lord ! remember me  
In Thine own Kingdom !" I am also He,  
Who left the other in his agony  
Blaspheming the true Saviour—to expire  
And yield his soul to Satan and to Hell !  
Let man now know Me by My attributes ;  
Myself they cannot know—a Mystery  
Beyond the finite mind of man—a God,  
All-seeing and Almighty. They shall learn,  
That, when in the proud blindness of their hearts,  
They dare to judge the ways of the Most High,  
And by their darkness to profane His Light,  
Then shall the measure of their human crime  
And folly, be fill'd up—then shall they know  
That I am Everlasting ! Infinite !  
The Cause, and the Effect ! Creator ! Lord !  
The Terrible in wrath ! that I am—God !"

So spake the Eternal—and when first the voice  
Was heard in Heaven, a heavy silence fell  
On the empyrean vault, so deep and still,  
So utter, dense, and indescribable,  
That man can frame no image to his soul  
Of that most thrilling hush—a silence felt  
In every pulse, and clinging to the heart.  
Night in its starry soft sublimity,  
Hath its own pause, but not a pause like this ;  
Ev'n when the midnight moon looks stilly down  
Upon the queen of ruins : on the walls  
Of the vast Colosseum, when no tread  
Awakes the echoes of the mouldering pile,  
And the stones ache with silence—still 'tis war  
Compar'd with the deep hush which reign'd in Heav'n !  
Mute were the Angels ; mute the Seraphim ;  
The Lord their God had spoken :—and their ears

Per l' eccidìo d' ogni uòmo ogni Celèste..  
Ma quando poi Mercéde al provocato  
Sdégno Divino udìron prevalére  
E Dio ver l' uòm mén giùdice che Padre,  
Tutte al sorriso s' inarcar' le labbra  
Dei nati in cièlo....al cièlico sorriso,  
Che dalla fèsta nasce ivi de' còri,  
Ogni qualvòlta ascóltasi cantare  
“ S' è il peccator pentito, e Dio perdóna !”  
Ch' ei fan' gran caso gli Angioli dell' uòmo,  
Che, méntre in móndo rio, diètro la fòlla  
Scendéa... cadéa precìpite all' infèrno  
Vòltosi indiètro, al suo Signor mercéde  
Gridando s' arrestò, giunto d' Abisso  
Quasi sull' órlo, spièganlo gli scritti  
Da Lui dettati agli uòmini, che è Vita,  
Che è Luce, e Verità.—Ma qual sia giòja  
Quella, che il còr degli Angioli risènte  
Di Peccator che pèntesi all' évènto,  
Per còr che non è angèlico è mistèro ;  
Per l' uom, cosa incredibile....in natura  
Una impossìbil cosa.—“ Il perdonare  
“ All' uòm che t' ha lo stil fitto nel séno”  
(Dicon gli umani) “ è l' òpera d' un Santo.....  
“ È di virtù la cima, a cui sól puòssi  
“ Sperar dall' uomo, in vita, d' arrivare !  
“ Ma l' uòm più sù non và !—Che il sén trafitto  
“ Lor fù dall' uòm, non più dimenticarsi  
“ Gli uòmini pòn,' ch' ei pòssono pòi mai  
“ Vedér la cicatrice oblitterata  
“ Del traditór coltèllo che ferìlli ;

Drank in His accents, and their eyes His light ;  
Yet saw they not the Mighty One—no gaze  
Might brook the splendour of His countenance.  
'Twas but the glory that was shed around,  
On which they look'd, and worshipped as they knelt !

When first the anger of the Lord peal'd out,  
Each angel-heart beat quicker ; fear and awe  
Fell on the heavenly Host ; for well they knew  
That man is sinful ; and they sigh'd to think  
His hour of doom was come—But when they heard  
That, mid His wrath, their God was merciful,  
And was a Father rather than a Judge,  
Each lip was wreath'd into a smile—a smile  
Which told of the heart's joy—a smile which spoke  
Of bliss and pardon to the sinner saved—  
And loud the choral hymn swell'd out in Heav'n :  
“ Man hath repented, and our Lord forgives ! ”  
Thus sang the Angels ; they, who thron'd in bliss,  
Yet weep o'er erring mortals : and when one  
Turns from his evil ways to those of peace,  
Implore their God to pardon. They, who share  
The light of Heaven, yet mourn the cares of earth.  
Mysterious is this Love ! Yet taught by Him,  
Who is the Life—the Light—the only Guide,  
As beautiful as blessed ! “ *There is Joy*  
*In Heaven o'er the repentant,* ”—Holy joy,  
Deep and incomprehensible. To man  
Impossible it seems to love his foe ;  
To clasp the hand which would have smitten him,  
And with good service to requite the wrong.  
“ For Saints,” they say, “ 'tis meet—to us the task  
Were greater than the power—it is the height  
Of Christian virtue : in a world like this  
How may man grasp perfection so divine ?  
If he forgive, should not the deed suffice ?  
Must he forget ere yet his task be done ?  
It cannot be. Mortality rebels  
Against the effort ;—not more palpable  
Is the fell scar of the assassin's knife  
Than the deep memory of the murd'rous deed.



“ E méno al sén' pon' stringer l' assassino,  
 “ Chiamando lui col nóme il più soàve,  
 “ Che da verace labbro suonò mai. . . .  
 “ Col nóme, a cui del còr nòta è la via. . . .  
 “ Con quel, che, non éspresso, anche dal muto  
 “ Labbro armonìa dolcissima s' ascòlta  
 “ Scéndere al còr, che gli rispònde. . . “ *Amico !*”

Ma di ciò biasmo agli uòmini ó a Natura  
 Dar vogliam' noi ?—Si spècchino gli umani  
 Nel Dio, che si fece uòmo, e in Lui vedranno  
 Di che bel cuòr sien' gli uòmini capaci.—  
 Dell' uman còre al cièlico Modèllo  
 Fù la virtù più fàcile il *Perdóno* !

*Quel* còr non batté mai che per amare !  
 Amò chi il rinegò : d' un Ladro in Cróce  
 Gli atti scordò d' infèrno, ch' avéan' tutta  
 Résa la vita sua scèna d' orróri :  
 Fé della Chièsa sua scòglio il primiero,  
 E in cièl gli preparò, salito, un tròno ;  
 E fra i beàti l' ùltimo con séco  
 Il giòrno ch' ei v' ascése ammise in cièlo.

L' uòm d' amare incapace ? Nato l' uòmo  
 Con sì meschìno cuòr, che non per altri  
 Che per chi l' ama accèndesi d' amóre ? !  
 Oh nò !—Quantunque véro (e vér pur tròppo)  
 Che disperatamente è 'l cuòr dell' uòmo  
 Cor scellerato, è vér non però méno,  
 Che di virtù bellissime sovente  
 Vivo tèmpio. . . . d' angèlici pensieri,  
 Di sentimenti angèlici bel nido,  
 Diètro l' ésèmpio del divìn maestro,

And less, far less, can man, when in his heart  
He bears the impress of an injury past,  
Clasp to that heart the foe who did the wrong ;  
And with the words of love, those gentle words  
Which speak to the wak'd soul, less by themselves  
Than by the tone which breathes them, hold him there  
And whisper over him the name of "*Friend!*"

Doth man or nature fail in the attempt ?  
The answer dwells with Him, who, though a God,  
Made himself mortal that the world might learn  
How perfect was the work His father wrought ;  
How beautiful might be the human heart !  
He was the model of all christian faith ;  
Forgiveness was the first great task He taught ;  
His own pure heart beat but with love and trust ;  
He knew no bitterness, and friend and foe  
Alike He cherish'd, for He loved the World.—  
E'en on the Cross He looked not to the sins  
Of the repentant one, who, 'as he writh'd  
In the last agonies, had faith in Him ;  
But when He had ascended into Heaven,  
He straightway called him to eternal joy ;  
And even as he sank to sleep on earth,  
Did he awake in Paradise ; a guest  
In the angelic mansions, sav'd by Love.

And is man, then, so utterly corrupt,  
That he rejects a model *all* divine ?  
Can he love only those who cherish him ?  
Oh, yes ! though fall'n and frail, and but too oft  
Most desperately wicked, yet his heart  
Is sometimes virtue's temple, where sweet thoughts  
And sweeter feelings, well profusely forth,  
Where Christ is tabernacled ; and the earth  
Is mirror'd back in beauty. Had it been

Fa di sé in tèrra il còre un paradiso.  
 O, s' altro fosse, avrèbbe *umana* carne  
 Mai présa il Vèrbo ? . . . . Avrà l' Ente Divino  
 Un còre assunto mai, che fosse *umano* ?

Ch' ei si fece uòmo Iddio, pròva bastante  
 È, ch' ei può l' uòmo in tèrra èssere un santo,  
 E, de' suoi mèrti in prèmio, angelo in cièlo.  
 Ch' ei si fece uòmo Iddio, pròva è che il cuore  
 Esser tesòr d' angèlica armonìa  
 Può in armonìa contìnua co' cièli ;  
 E s' altro ei di sé fà . . . . s' ei fassi infèrno,  
 Cólpa di Dio non è, né di natura :  
 Cólpa è dell' uòm, che, ingrato, odio infernale  
 Rènde all' Amór, che gli apprestava un tròno,  
 E, mén del cane umano, che pur bacia  
 La man, che il batte, del padróne irato,  
 La dèstra stéssa ei ràbido configge,  
 Che, a benedirlo alzàtasi, piovéa  
 D' ogni bèn còpia, che dal cièlo emana.

Al suòn della mercéde all' uòm proméssa  
 S' addoppiò il giorno in ciel. Dal più ripòsto  
 Uscì del tabernacolo di Dio  
 Nugol d' ambròsia. Tutti rallegrarsi  
 A quel profumo i cièli, e in ogni pètto  
 Scése delizia insòlita. D' amóre  
 Sciòlser' la lingua al càntico i celèsti,  
 E tutte arpeggiar l' arpe “ *Amóre, amóre !* ”  
 “ Amór ” (fù il canto) è base, sovra cui  
 “ Fisso hai Gehòva, il tròno ! Amór, la vóce  
 “ Fù che mòsse dal nulla il móndo bèllo !  
 “ Princìpio amóre ei fù, dónde la luce



That *all* were lost, would God make His abode  
Within a human heart? Or had our Lord  
Become a mortal to redeem the world?

Christ was made Man! Let this great truth suffice  
To prove, that, erring though they be, mankind,  
Through His Almighty love, may, e'en on Earth,  
Be sanctified to God, and after death  
Dwell with the bless'd in Heaven. That He was Man  
Proves to the sinner that the human heart  
May be the dwelling of that harmony  
Which savours of the Paradise it paints.  
If it be otherwise—if, by his sin  
He make a hell of his own evil ways,  
The crime becomes his own; the Lord his God  
Made it for virtue; and his nature tends  
To keep it virtuous—'tis himself alone  
Is author of the ill—and if for good  
He give back hatred, let him learn to bow  
Before the patient animal, whose love  
Caresses e'en the hand which chastens him,  
While he, the Sinner, hardened in his guilt,  
Who turns away from God, still crucifies  
His Saviour and his Lord, and casts aside  
The blessings which that Saviour drew from Heav'n.

The voice of promis'd mercy to mankind  
Shed a new light o'er the empyreal vault,  
Where all before was light ineffable;  
And from the hidden mysteries of His throne  
Who dwells amid the clouds, a costly stream  
Of subtle perfume stole along through space,  
Filling each heart with transport. When, once more,  
The blessed ones, who stood around, resum'd  
Their heavenly harpings—and their theme was *Love!*

“Love!” peal'd the song; “Jehovah! holy love  
Is the foundation of Thy throne of clouds;—  
Love is that voice, at whose melodious call,  
Earth sprang from chaos, and the eternal seas

- “ A serenar la tèrra e a darle vita  
“ Spuntò nel firmaménto, ed infinite  
“ Nel firmaménto accésersi le stélle !  
“ Amór, l’ occulto sème onde spuntaro  
“ Fuòr della tèrra fèrtili le piante !  
“ Amór, lo spirto fu di soggezióne  
“ E d’ obbediènza all’ uòmo, onde dotati  
“ Nàcquer’, dell’ uòm più forti, a suo dilètto  
“ E a suo servizio i bruti ! Amór, la mano,  
“ Che in fórme umane vòltesi maéstra  
“ A convertir l’ argilla ! Amór, quel fiato,  
“ Che le diè vita poi, còre, intèllètto,  
“ D’ orare il privilègio e di laudare !  
“ La dèstra amór, che della tòlta còsta  
“ Formò la Dònna, al móndo ùnica idèa  
“ Di quanta è in cièl l’ angèlica bellézza....  
“ La puritate angèlica.... la Donna,  
“ Del cuòr dell’ uòmo ad èsser destinata  
“ Più d’ ogni altra soave alma delizia,  
“ Sostégno, glòria sua, e d’ ogni gèmma  
“ Tesòr più valutàbile.... la Dònna,  
“ All’ innocènte, in Eden, paradiso :  
“ Nel móndo, all’ uòm caduto, in calma ? un sóle !  
“ Nelle témpèste ? un àncora !—L’ Amóre  
“ Fù che coprì la nuda inobbediènza !  
“ Amór, fù la proméssa, che del sèrpe  
“ L’ uòm schiaccierìa la tèsta, po’ ché pésto  
“ Gli avrìa ’l calcagno il móstro ! Amór, la féde,  
“ Che fù di tanti mártiri il cónfòrto,  
“ E féce al cièl tant’ ànime salire !  
“ Amór, di gloria ai vígili pastóri

Rush'd, roaring, to their destin'd boundaries—  
Love is the light, which first shed over Heaven  
The image of the Almighty, giving life  
To earth and to its denizens—the cause  
Of the bright stars, which kindle in the sky  
Their diamond-sparks—each in itself a world !  
Love was the seed from whence each plant and herb  
Grew into strength and beauty ;—Love it was  
Which still'd the lion's roar, the panther's howl,  
And bow'd the brutes obedient to mankind,  
Who from their very fierceness gather'd strength.  
Love was that emanation from our God  
Which gave to man the image of Himself ;  
And Love which breath'd into the moulded clay  
Life, feeling, intellect—the power of thought,  
The blessed privilege of prayer and praise !  
'Twas Love which, from a portion of his frame,  
Fashion'd man's help-meet, woman—that best dream  
Of the angelic attributes—the gift  
Of Heaven to the created—she, whose smile  
Is his best beacon-light, his guiding star,  
His glory, and his pride—his help, his hope—  
Woman, his earthly paradise, when first  
Man walked in Eden, sinless—woman, left  
At his expulsion, still to guide him on  
Throughout a colder world—in calm, his sun ;  
In storm, the anchor where his spirit leans !  
'Twas love which cloth'd our parents at their fall,  
And promised, that the woman's seed should bruise  
The serpent's head. Love was the holy flame  
Which lit the souls of those, in days of old,  
Who perish'd for their faith and for their God,  
And peopled Heaven with saints. Love was the hymn

- “ In Bettelèm fù l’ inno ! Amór, la vita,  
“ Amor, di Cristo tuo fù la dottrina !  
“ Amor, la redenzione ! amór, la cróce !  
“ Salve, amor, che ci étèrni e che ci bèi !  
“ Soggètto étèrno ai càntici nel cièlo  
“ A Ti lodar Tu sèmpre inspirerai  
“ Chi di lodarti mai non sarà sazio.  
“ Caldi al Tuo fuòco i cuòri, ognór matèria  
“ Troveran’ nuòva agl’ inni di Tua lòde.  
“ Di Te soneran’ l’ arpe in sinfonie  
“ Sèmpre nóvèlle. L’ armonìa la stéssa  
“ Non sarà mai ; e, ancór sèmpr’ uno il tèma,  
“ Varj in étèrno i suòni, ed in étèrno  
“ Varie le nòte e varie le paròle  
“ Empieran’ l’ àere di dolcèzza in cièlo !!!”

Così, vicini al tròno dell’ Eterno,  
I cherubini e i sèrafi d’ amóre  
Cantavan’ l’ inno, di mill’ arpe e mille  
Al suòn’ célèste ; e l’ èco in ogni parte  
Ripètere del cièlo udìasi “ *Amore !*”

The shepherds heard in Bethlem—not breath'd out  
By mortal lips, but sung by angel-choirs.  
Love was the Christ—love was the truth He taught—  
Love was His essence—and His Cross was love !

“ Hail, heavenly Love ! bright emanation, hail !  
Thou who hast made us blessed, made us heirs  
To an eternity of holiness,  
To Thee our endless pœans will we raise  
Round the Almighty throne—unwearied still  
In pouring forth our hymns of praise to Thee ;  
Our hearts, embued with Thy celestial fire,  
Shall weave new songs of triumph day by day ;  
And our glad harps, lit by thy spirit-light,  
Shall peal throughout all space their symphonies  
For ever and for ever—still the theme  
Thy beauty and Thy pow'r ; unchang'd in all,  
Save in our terms of worship and of praise—  
An everlasting chorus, filling Heaven  
With sound, as with a cloud ; and shedding joy,  
Like incense, o'er the starry firmament !”

So sang the Almighty choir—the winged ones,  
Who stood around the throne—the cherubim  
And seraphim, clad in their robes of light,  
And sweeping, as they sang, their golden harps ;  
While far away through the unmeasur'd space,  
A thousand echoes bore the strain along,  
And Heaven was one vast atmosphere of love !

*LIBRO SECONDO.*

Musa céleste ! oh Musa, che presièdi  
A quanto in còr degli uòmini dal cièlo  
Mai s' inspirò, s' inspira ó inspirerassi  
Di virtuóso e nòbile e sublime :  
Del mio maestro o Musa, che addoppiasti  
Dell' Intèllètto il lume, quand' agli òcchi  
Negò dell' Anglo Vate il Sól la luce,  
E lui internasti (che i colór del móndo  
Avéa perduti) a contemplar del cièlo  
Gli eternaménte vividi colóri!  
Te chiamo e implòro ; e da Te sóla aspètto  
Quel che da me l' attèndere sarèbbe  
Presunzion rèa . . . . colpévole follia.  
Io nulla son' : Tu, tutto ! ma dal nulla  
Crear pur Ti degnasti il móndo bèllo ;  
E puòi dal nulla muòvere (Tu sóla  
Se' che lo puòi) . . . . dal nulla ch' i' mi sóno,  
Pensièr', che il cuòr' riscaldin' del Tuo amóre,



*BOOK THE SECOND.*

CELESTIAL Muse ! from whom the mind of man  
Derives its inspiration, when he sings  
Of all that was, or is, or is to be,  
Of great and noble in the human heart—  
Muse of my Master ! Thou, who didst supply  
The mental light in its most mighty power  
To him—the British Bard—for whose clos'd eyes  
The sun had lost its glory ! who didst give  
To the bereav'd one, from whose longing gaze  
Earth's colours were shut out, the privilege  
To contemplate the brighter hues of Heaven—  
Thee I invoke, on thee alone I call—  
From Thee I ask the strength, which of myself  
'Twere vain to hope :—nor vain alone, but weak  
And impious, and presumptuous there to seek.  
I of myself am nothing ; Thou art all—  
And, as from nothing thou didst form a world,  
A bright and breathing world ! if 'tis Thy will  
To grant the prayer I make to Thee, once more  
E'en from the nothing that I am, Thy power  
Can waken thoughts, which o'er the heart of man  
May shed a love of Thee ; and to the soul



E a chi mi lègge inspìrin la Virtute.  
Lungi da me le fàvole e le fòle,  
Tèma oggidì agli scritti universale!  
Scriva chi vuòle a divertir le ménti,  
E sul Parnaso ascénda ognun che vuòle.  
A sé dimenticar lègga chi téme  
Qual è di riconóscere il suo cuòre.  
Non pria dei vol' fantastici il Volume  
I Sémplici avran' chiuso, che gonfiato  
Il còr' si sentiran', che, nol sapèndo,  
Ripièno si sarà. . . . ripièn' di nulla;  
Ché non è già sapér, né cognizioni,  
Quélle pòn' dirsi mai, che d' effettivo  
Aliménto non sòn' dispénsatrici,  
Perché la vita intèrna si mantènga  
Che dell' amór compónesi di Dio.  
Dian pur gli umani titolo di Vate  
Ai novellisti al móndo! I' del Parnasso  
Dico alle cime a quèsto prèzzo, addio,  
E della Cróce al piède i' mi riparo.  
Ivi umiltà, Dio d' umiltà, m' inspira!  
Ivi del fuòco infiàmmami, che i cuòri  
Fà Paradiso in Tèrra. Ivi, protètto  
Dall' ali Tue, ardito i' potrò dire,  
Ch' ho de' maéstri mièi (per Tua mercéde)  
Maggióre Io l' Intèllètto, che le Tue  
Testimonianze ho fatte studio mio.  
A Te sól di piacére e a' pochi buòni  
Sarà de' vèrsi mièi sèmpre l' oggètto;  
Né mercherò d' altrónde applàusi io mai  
Che dall' àrbitra Tua. . . .dalla coscièntia,

Teach the pure virtue of Thy heavenly law.

Let others weave the spell of poesy  
About mere worldly things—sweep the wild lyre  
To thrall the senses, or to wile the heart :  
I care not for the idle thirst of fame,  
The empty vanity, the strife of pride,  
Which, like the canker at the blossom's core,  
Wither too oft the holiness of song.  
Let those who dread to look into themselves  
Create fictitious worlds, and people them  
With idle fancies—I am not of these.—  
Poor, simple ones ! when their light task is done  
What then remains ? a pride-inflated heart ;  
Inflated with the nothings of a world  
Which in itself is nought, but perishes  
Outworn by its own weakness. *That* alone  
Is great and wise, which for a future state  
Provides more lasting nourishment ; which grows  
Out of the love of Him who is the Lord !  
I ask no worldly plaudits—be the name  
Of Poet, that high spell-word of the soul,  
Be given, as it may, to every bard  
Who sings of earthly themes ; to Thee alone,  
In all humility, Almighty God,  
I bend in supplication ; at the foot  
Of Thy most blessed Cross, I offer up  
The voice of my beseeching. Hear me, Lord !  
Grant me that holy light, whose sacred flame  
Can make my heart a paradise on earth :  
Spread o'er my soul the shadow of Thy wings,  
That I may murmur in the words of those  
Who were alike our teachers and our guides :  
“ I have more understanding than the proud,  
For 'tis Thy laws by which I shape my life ” :—  
To Thee, oh Lord ! I consecrate my lays  
Henceforward ; till by Thee my voice is hush'd  
In death, man's sure and natural heritage ;  
To Thee and to the just who love thy laws,  
And worship Thee on earth. Nor will I seek  
For any plaudit, save the voiceless one  
Which fills the heart, when Thou, oh God ! art there—  
The calm, sweet trust in Thee and in Thy power,

Che Tu m' hai pósta a mia salute in séno.  
Felice me ! se, a darti glòria, o Padre,  
Tu manderai 'l Tuo Spirto a illuminarmi,  
E se di vil stroménto (qual' i' sóno)  
Il còr di qualche tristo a convertire  
Valèndoti, farai, mentr' io 'Ti canto,  
Del tristo esilio i giòrni miei seréni !  
Felice me ! se un giòrno a *Cleofe* mia  
(Delle sorèlle ésèmpio e delle amiche,  
Dalla qual, perché tròppo i' le portava  
Amór, mi separasti) pervenuto  
Questo mio scritto, augurio la dilètta  
Di nostra riunione in più tranquilla  
Vita trarranne, nel sentièr védèndo  
Me ritornato, onde non mai la cara....  
Mai deviò !—Felice me ! se l' óre,  
Da me sì spése, appariranmi in mòrte  
Stélle a cónfòrto mio !—e oh mé felice !  
Se della vita nòstra a mèzza strada  
Rammentàndomi allór che a Te mi vòlsi,  
Del Figlio Tuo ne' mèriti il perdóno  
Spèri, che altrónde è lo sperare invano !  
Dal Tuo célèste sòglio al nulla mio  
Dunque soccórri : di Tua glòria in nóme  
Purifica il mio còre : un nuòvo Spirto....  
Spirto di Pace e di Virtù v' infóndi :  
E, per amór del Figlio, la préghiera  
Dal Figlio esaudisci all' uòm dettata  
Che il chièse qual dovéa pòrgerti prègo !

The holy confidence which cheers the soul  
With the pure foretaste of eternity !

Thrice bless'd were I, oh Lord ! if Thou shouldst deign  
To teach me how to glorify Thy name,  
To make of me the humble instrument  
(Howe'er unworthy in myself !) to turn  
One sinner from iniquity to Thee !

To cheer with this glad consciousness, the sad  
And lingering years of exile. Happy I,  
Should Cleofe—the sister of my soul,  
When her sweet eye shall linger on the page,  
Draw from its subject one more brightening hope  
Of our eternal meeting, in a life  
More holy and more blessed—should she see  
Her brother freed from the world's idle bonds  
Which once enchain'd him, treading the sure path,  
From which that dear one in her piety,  
And purity of heart, had never strayed !  
Thrice happy I, if, at the hour of death,  
The moments I now dedicate to God  
Should seem so many stars, to light my way,  
And comfort me in dying. Happier still  
If the glad memory visit me, that wean'd  
From sinfulness in this my middle-life,  
I turn'd to Thee, oh Lord ! and learn'd to hope  
Forgiveness, by the merits of Thy son  
A pardon only to be gained through Him.

Help me, Jehovah ! from Thy Heavenly throne  
Look down with pity on my nothingness ;  
And for Thy name and for Thy glory's sake  
Renew my heart, and purify my soul.  
Grant me a worthier spirit, in which peace,  
And virtue, and humility may dwell,  
And, by the love Thou bearest to Thy son,  
Incline Thine ear to that most holy prayer  
Which He, the Saviour, taught to fallen man,  
When ask'd, how best Thy mercy might be won.  
Lord ! hear me as I pray—less with my lips  
Than in my spirit, this the Saviour's prayer—

- “ O Padre nòstro, che ne’ cièli stai !  
 “ Sèmpre sia santo agli uòmini ’l Tuo nóme :  
 “ E vènga ’l Régno Tuo che proméss’ hai !  
 “ Sia fatto in Tèrra il volér Tuo, siccóme  
 “ Fassi nel cièlo ! — Il pane quotidiano  
 “ Dacci ogni dì — Rimuòvere le sòme  
 “ Di nòstre cólpe, ah dégnati, o Sovrano !  
 “ Col perdonar, com’ ha da noi perdóno  
 “ Chi con lingua ci offése ò con la mano !  
  
 “ In Tentazione il còr, ch’ è a peccar pròno,  
 “ Deh non indur ! Tu l’ uòm da còsa ria  
 “ Lìbera, o Padre ! ché per sèmpre il Tròno,  
 “ Glòria e Potér son’ Tuòi ! . . . e così sia.

Di tutti i fréddi suoi fúlmini armato  
 Un aspro Vèrno insólito Gehóva  
 Avéa mandato appéna a irrigidire  
 Le mèmbra ed a snervar la destra ardita  
 Di Lui, che, sol, fra gli uòmini, a buon dritto,  
 D’ uòm meritava il nóme, che, sfacciati,  
 Fuòr cènto vili mèsero dal guscio,  
 Ov’ annicchiati ei s’ èrano, le còrna ;  
 E, visto lui percòsso da quel braccio,  
 Contra cui l’ asta è inutile ó lo scudo,  
 A rènder l’ uòm (già mèsero) più tristo,  
 Gli accéser’ fuòco incóntra, che del gièlo  
 Più lo strazio facéssegli sentire,  
 E, sòtto fórma umana, ànime béstie,  
 Fer’ éscà al tristo incèndio i patrii muri,  
 I tèmpj e le magióni. I già rampanti

“ Our Father, Heaven’s Eternal One !  
Thrice hallowed be Thy name ;  
Thy Kingdom come ; Thy will be done,  
In Earth and Heaven the same.

Give us this day our daily bread ;  
And may our sins be pardoned,  
As we ourselves forgive.  
From all temptations free us, Lord,  
All evil from our weakness ward,  
And shield us while we live.

For Thine the Kingdom is, and Thine  
The power, the glory, which shall shine  
Ever and ever ; still to be  
Unchang’d through all eternity ! ”

Scarce had Jehovah sent upon the world  
A winter arm’d with terrors, fraught with storms ;  
Icy and hoar ; to wither up the strength,  
And enervate the bold right-arm of Him,  
The mighty one of earth, before whose frown  
Nations had shook ; than forth the cowards came  
To whom his very beck had been a law :  
And from the depths of their own littleness  
Where, while he rul’d, they shrank, as shrinks in fear  
The insect to its shell, they rush’d in haste  
To trample on the man, in whose high heart  
Their meanness found no echo. Drunk with joy  
When he was smitten with the Eternal hand,  
When spear and shield avail’d not, forth they came  
To crush the ruin deeper, and by force  
To shake a soul which fate could never bow !  
Frost was around his daring path, and ice  
Thick-ribb’d and paralyzing ice, was piled  
About him ; yet he shrank not from its chill—  
And then it was that they whom he had scorn’d,  
Or pass’d unheeded, rais’d their insect heads,



Gli si levar' di cóntra inferociti,  
E al sólo e al disarmato insième a un tèmpo  
(Della proméssa fé tutti spergiuri)  
Mòsser la guèrra. Tutti a danno suo  
Vòlsero allóra i dóni, ónde lor carchi  
Aveva il grande in tanta còpia ; e, in òdio  
Delle virtù sue sómme e di sue gèsta,  
Tutti a percuòter fécersi il prostrato,  
Nulla curando gli odiosi nómi,  
Che renderianli ai pòsteri pòi nòti  
D' ignòbili e d' ingrati. All' uòmm caduto  
Ch' anche esiliato e in céppi, li facéa  
Tremar sul tròno, ei pòi réser la vita  
Tutta di duòl compósta inaudito.  
*Temistocle* di cuòre, egli sé stéssu  
Póse (fidando ahi mìsero! che fòra  
Trovar possìbil còsa in sén modèrno  
Il còr d' un *Sèrse*) il destin suo....sua vita  
De' suo' nemici acèrrimi in potére ;  
E del màssimo suo....ultimo sbaglio  
Il fio pagò, da tutto l' uman gèrme  
Diviso, i giòrni a trascinar dannato  
Su scòglio, in mèzzo all' ónde, che la frónte,  
Finché vuòl Dio, levata terrà ségno  
A tutte le Nazioni ai dì futuri  
Di tómba al *Grande* e di vendétta oscura !  
Sótto lo strazio del martir suo lungo  
Vivéa gli ùltimi Dì l' uòmm grande ancóra,  
Quando, accòltisi in Sìnodo, i Monarchi  
Prèda fer' lor delle conquiste sue :  
Prèda, sì, prèda ! ché di far felici



And of their hearths, their homes, their towers of strength,  
The very Temple of their God, made spoil  
To teach him keener suffering; and at once  
Rose up against him in his helplessness,  
Forgetful of their vows of fealty,  
Their promises of aid. He stood alone—  
His sword was shiver'd, and his strength was spent;  
His favour'd ones were false; and they who most  
Had fed upon his bounty, were the first  
To shrink from his fall'n fortunes, and to hate  
A fame which claim'd the homage of the world.  
Ingrates, and Traitors! to all future times  
They dar'd bequeathe a heritage of shame;  
Ev'n while that mighty one, though in his chains,  
Exil'd, dethron'd, and friendless, by the strength  
Of his renown, still rul'd their coward hearts,  
And made them tremble on their dastard thrones.  
Ev'n while he pin'd, as the cag'd Eagle pines  
For liberty of limb, to soar again  
And with unwinking eye to dare the sun!  
He, a Themistocles at heart, whose breast  
Was bursting with the bitterness of wrong;  
Yet, in the greatness of his trusting soul,  
Confided all his fortunes to his foes—  
His fate, his crown, his life—his fame alone  
Was beyond human government. Too late  
He learn'd his error: by himself he judg'd,  
And in himself he suffer'd. Exil'd, torn  
From all he lov'd on earth—the fond—the free—  
The tenant of an isolated isle,  
Whose bleak and barren rocks scowl'd dark and bare  
As though to dare the vengeful eye of God!  
The sea around him in its boundless strength,  
Mocking his bondage with its liberty;  
The fear'd of many, and the foe of all,  
So liv'd the Imperial Exile —so he died:  
And still that ocean rolls its myriad waves,  
And still that rock rears its cold crest to Heav'n,  
To stand, while God shall will it, as a sign  
To after-ages, and a monument  
To the Great wrong'd, and to the Little false!  
—Still liv'd the injur'd one, when they whose crime,

Non fù lor fine i pòpoli soggètti,  
Ma sì, ch' ei di quell' uno, che chiamato  
Avéan' tiranno e dèspota, la mòrte  
Piangésser pòi che, d' esso liberati,  
In man di lor trovàssersi, che quanto  
Era di pèggio in lui avéano apprésò,  
E delle tante sue virtù non una.

S' agitar', ne frémèttèr' le nazioni :  
Ma la fòrza. . . . la brutta fòrza è móstro,  
Che degli umani l' ànime sgoménta :  
Dei vili imménso è il nùmero ; ed i pètti,  
D' eròico còre ad èssere creati  
In tèrra un tabernàcolo, son' pòchi.  
Quindi, non pria dal fango ardì la frónte  
Levare un qualche nòbile, che ó brutto  
Fè del suo sangue il suòlo, od in caténe  
Fù lunghi lustri a vèver condannato :  
A vèvere ? . . . . a morìr !!! ché non è vita  
Di nòstra gioventù l' amàbil fióre  
Vedér sbocciar fra l' ómbre dell' angòscia  
Sepólto ad appassire in prigió'n' aspra,  
Privi di tutto, alle inclémènze espósti  
Di quanto ha di più tristo ogni stagióne,  
E a quanto inventar può di più afflittivo  
Còr, che nel cèntro ha l' aspe di vendétta.

Di tai monarchi in mano èra l' Európa,  
Che giògo avéan' di piómbo sóvra 'l còllo  
De' sottopósti pòpoli posato.  
Fatti, sott' éssò, gli uòmini inviliti,  
Col fango accostumàvansi a pensare,  
E, onóre e religión pósti in obbliò,

Whose falsehood and whose baseness wither'd him,  
Set the last seal upon their treacheries :  
They met—yet not to loosen the fell chain  
Whose iron links were eating through his heart ;  
But like the minor brutes, who meanly gorge  
The garbage scatter'd by the lion's meal,  
And feast upon the game which he has struck,  
They met to prey upon his conquests, prey  
Upon the vitals of the prostrate lands ;  
Not to give freedom—not to silence grief—  
Not to yield happiness—nor proffer peace—  
But in the hands of one more great than they  
To teach a sterner lesson ; till they learn'd  
That he whom they had hated, whom their lips  
Had opened but to curse—whom they had deem'd  
A tyrant and a despot, had bequeath'd  
To his successors all his direst faults,  
While every virtue which was bright in him,  
In them was wanting.

Like the baffled wind

The nations struggled in their new-knit bonds ;  
Force is a monster, 'tis the attribute  
Of brutes and savages ; the finer thrill  
Of heroism knows it not : the mass  
Who cumber the crush'd earth, are cowards ; hence  
When some more noble spirit woke in flame,  
'Twas quench'd in blood ; or bitterer still, 'twas doom'd  
To live long years in chains ! to live ?—to die ?—  
Such dark existence is not life—to feel  
The blossoms of our youth put forth their leaves,  
And know that they are canker'd at the core ;  
That sunshine cannot visit them, nor dew,  
But that they fade in bursting. That the cloud  
Of anguish hangs upon our atmosphere ;  
That we are dwellers in a dungeon-vault,  
Fated to misery ; far from all we love ;  
The sport of fortune, and the slaves of fate ;  
The victims of the seasons, though shut out  
From all their benefits ; and keener still,  
The haunted of the heart, where every pulse  
Beats with a poison'd throb ; where every cry  
Is vengeance for a bleak and blighted life !

Facéan' d' ogni èrba un fascio.... e il móndo, tana ;  
 Quando (a farli avvertiti che v' è Dio)  
 Pietóso il Padre Etèrno un altro ségno  
 Mandò del potér Suo, affinché scusa  
 Ei non avésser' gli émpj il Dì che innanzi  
 Trovèrèbbersi a Cristo in tribunale.  
 Un' altro a riversar càlice in aria  
 (L' ùltimo fórse) Iddio l' àngelo Suo  
 Mandò (che fórse è il sèttime !) e a scagliare  
 Dardi il mandò invisibili nei pètti,  
 Che, méntre respirare aria salubre  
 Sótto seréno cièl credéan sicuri,  
 Di mòrte respirar' strazj inuditi !—

In gèlida region, dóve créd' io  
 Che l' uòm non abbia caldo nêlle véne  
 Il sangue, apparve il formidabil ségno,  
 Pria che dovunque altróve, in Euròpa :  
 Ma gli uòmini di quella, non soltanto  
 Allo spettàcol tristo indiffèrènti  
 Rimàsero e inconcussi, ma, induriti,  
 Sótto i vessilli accòltisi imperiali  
 Del *Faraón* módèrno, il brando in pugno,  
 Mòrte a portar marciàrono ó caténe  
 A Nazion bèlla e nòbile, che infranti  
 Suoi céppi avéa oltraggiósi.

Al suòn d' infèrno

D' òrride trómbe, sciògliere l' Euròpa  
 Ecco ! mille bandière all' àura véde  
 Ed aste innumeràbili brandire,  
 E, di stupór (non di píetà) comprésa,  
 Mill' ènee góle e mille trascinare

Such were the Kings who sway'd all Europe's fate :  
And such the leaden yoke which they had plac'd  
About the necks that bent beneath their rule.  
Bow'd by such power men's spirits were debas'd,  
And cowardice and vice, born of the dust,  
Grovell'd and grew ; while honor, and still more  
Religion, were forgotten ; crime was rife ;  
And the bright world became a breathing place  
Of misery and sin. Then He arose,  
The Eternal One, in His appalling pow'r,  
To prove to man that there was yet a God !  
In mercy, not in vengeance, did He send  
A symbol and a sign upon the earth  
To smite the disobedient ; and to call  
The memories of the wicked to Himself,  
Ere they should dare the tribunal of Christ,  
The Lord's dread Angel, summon'd by His voice,  
(The seventh perchance!) to pour upon the air  
Another fiat of the Almighty wrath ;  
(The last, it may be, of the Revelation—)  
And to rain arrows, keen, invisible,  
And poison pointed, in the breast of man ;  
To force him in his weak, presumptuous pride  
Of safety—under the beloved sky  
Of his nativity—amid the scenes  
Of his most empty vanity—to feel  
The unerring shaft of an offended God !—

—Cold was the clime, where first the curse appear'd ;  
A land, where circles in the veins of man  
An icy current, which to christen blood  
Were to pollute the term. Yet, deaden'd still  
To their own sinfulness, ev'n while the scourge  
Beat down their strongest, did that blinded race  
Rush heedlessly to ruin ; for their hearts  
Were harden'd, and they dar'd to brave their God !

—A modern Pharoah spread his banner wide  
And marshall'd them beneath it ; on they press'd  
Aye, even when the Plague was at their hearth,  
To beat down Liberty—to carry death,  
And chains, and bondage, to a generous land  
Which had but lately cast away the yoke,  
And rais'd the cry of Liberty to Heaven !—

Mira infernali in sèn di libertade  
A portar mòrte ó óbbròbrio !—

La tragèdia

Sièdon (quasi a spettàcolo) a vedére  
Tutti d' Euròpa i ré, né quelli eccètto,  
Che dan' (costrétti) ó fan' di dar proméssa  
Più libertade ai sùdditi commòssi.  
Di chi la spada ha al fianco, e dal cui cénno  
Cènto migliàja pèndono d' armati,  
Nissuno in pro' de' liberi si muòve,  
E (vergógna de' tèmpi !) d' assalire  
L' *un* si permétte ai *cènto*.

Invan dal còre

Màndan' somméssi flèbili sospiri  
I magnànimi pòchi in ogni tèrra :  
Chi parla, è mòrto ! e chi ne piange, è rèo !  
L' ira è del cièl su gli uòmini ! e di guèrra  
Già più s' apprèssa alla città devòta  
Il tuòn lugùbre.

Ma l' orribil suòno

Più s' avvicìna, lèvasi alle stélle  
Sublime più, più fèrvido . . . più ardito  
Di libertade il càntico !—In obbligo  
Manda l' offeso i ricevuti oltraggj  
E l' offensóre abbraccia. Del perdóno  
Sòffre costui l' umiliazione in pace ;  
Il perdonar perdóna a chi perdóna,  
E tórna (cosa rara !) amico véro.  
Tròvan' nel ricco i poverèlli un padre,  
E nella patria gli òrfani sostégno.  
Védonsi i pigri, attivi : i diligènti,



—Then startled Europe heard the hellish blast  
Of brazen trumpets : then she saw unfold  
A thousand banners ; and a mighty Host  
Of weapons vow'd to tyranny, move on  
To the infernal chorus of the strong  
Bent to beat down the weak ; and to plunge deep  
The dastard dagger in fair Freedom's breast !—

—Shame to our times ! Europe's most mighty ones  
Sat by unmov'd, as though the massacre  
Were a mere pastime :—the fell tragedy  
A pageant, not a shame, which after-deeds  
However glorious, never might efface ;—  
Aye, even they who, quailing on their thrones  
Before the claims of their own subjects, bent  
To promise liberty at home, were mute,  
Nor urg'd the mercy they forbore to force.—  
Not one of those, at whose imperial beck,  
A thousand and a thousand men of might  
Were ready to start forth—not one of those  
Whose weapons boasted of a nation's strength,  
Stirr'd to support the Free ! And one bright land,  
The hunted of a hundred, stood alone !—

—Vainly the scatter'd few, whose nobler souls  
Were bursting both with sympathy and shame,  
Sigh'd o'er the sacrifice : whoever spake  
Of pity and of freedom, died the death—  
Whoever wept, was guilty of a crime—  
Vainly did man lift up his voice to Heav'n,  
The wrath of God was on him ; and the cry  
Of war re-echoed at the city gates.—

But 'mid the discord and the din of arms,  
Another, holier chorus peal'd to Heaven ;  
Bold in their blessed cause, the hunted ones  
Awoke the Hymn of Liberty, which rose  
Sublime—impassion'd—fearless—to the stars !  
All in that threaten'd city now was love :  
The injur'd one forgot the injury,  
And clasp'd the hand which once had done him wrong ;  
And the transgressor meekly bore the sting  
Of this forgiveness, and in turn forgave :  
Learning the bitter lesson, (seldom learnt),  
Of loving him whom he had vow'd to hate.



Farsi più industri : i vili, acquistar còre,  
E tutti eròi, i già pròdi. All' amicizia,  
Al buonvolér scambiévole contrasto  
Già più non sóno i titoli od i ranghi.  
L' ali célèsti sue càndide batte  
Sulla città la pace, e d' ivi éspèlle  
(Del cièlo àquila bèlla) invidia néra.  
Sóttò l'Ègida ognun di libertade  
(Madre imparziale) accògliesi; e, com' una  
È la città, sol' uno è il sentiménto....  
Il còr, che batte in ogni sén, sol' uno.

Fuòr' del recinto dell' amate mura  
Màrcian'.... vólan' gl' impàvidi a migliàja  
A fare ai patrii muri e alle magióni,  
Ove le spòse, i figlj e i genitóri  
Hanno lasciati, un' àrgine de' pètti :  
Ma, mìseri ! con lór non và Gehòva,  
E indiètro, messaggièr che tutto è pèrso,  
Tórna il lor sangue a rivi.

Il còre in séno  
Sènton' farsi di ghiaccio, a quella vista,  
Tutti colór, che al braccio di que' fòrti  
Avéan' fidato il tutto.... e non in Dio,  
Per cui tutt' è quel ch' è !—Davanti all' ara  
Ei dell' Etèrno offéso le bandière  
Prostrate non avévano, né il còre.  
Umili ei non avéan, pria di partire,  
Confessate le cólpe al Signor lóro,  
Né de' peccati chièstogli perdóno.  
Il tèmpio di lor làgrime irrigato  
Ei non avéan, né l' aria intórno empiuta

The poor became the cherish'd of the rich ;  
The orphan found a home in every heart ;  
The slothful sprang to toil as to a feast ;  
The coward cast aside his fear, and grew  
Into a hero ; pride of place and name  
Were each unheed'd ; in the common cause  
All men were brothers. Peace spread wide her wings  
O'er the devoted city—that pure peace  
Which “ passeth understanding ; ” every heart  
Beat but with charity ; while envy fled  
Discountenanc'd, to seek another lair.  
The shield of Liberty was rais'd, where best  
It may be planted—in a nation's heart :  
One pulse beat in the arteries of the land ;—  
One impulse urg'd it on—one soul was there !—

—Forth from the cherish'd walls, for which they strove,  
Rush'd the intrepid citizens ; their breasts  
A living rampart to oppose the foe—  
They fought for freedom, for their hearth and homes,  
Their hoary-hair'd, the children of their age,  
The lov'd ones of their manhood,—for their All !  
But He who only can insure to man  
The victory he seeks ; withheld His aid,  
And went not forth with them.—In one fell stream  
Flow'd back the blood of martyr'd liberty ;—  
The city saw the crimson messenger,  
And knew that all was lost !—Then froze each heart,  
Then bow'd each humbled head, then paus'd each pulse,  
As flash'd before them the appalling truth,  
That, strong in their own strength, proud in the cause  
For which they strove, reckless of other aid  
Than their own prowess, in themselves they sought  
The power which only could be won of God ;  
Nor brow, nor banner, in their empty pride  
Ere they went forth, had they in reverence bent  
Before the altar of the Lord their God.—  
They had not wept in penitence for sins  
Committed while His blessing shielded them ;  
Their tears had not bedew'd the sacred spot  
Where stood His Holy Temple ; nor their sighs  
Risen, a humble holocaust to Heaven !

Di sospir tratti da compunto cuore,  
 Di duòl, d' umiliaziòn pégnj non finti.  
 La còppia indivisibile infernale  
 (Peccato e mòrte!) lor tenéa dappressò  
 Compagna e distruzione.... e néra nube  
 Pièna di duòl.... pièna d' orrór.... di mòrte,  
 Lor stava sù.... *Il cipiglio del Signore!*

Càddero ei quindi, e de' cadàver' lóro  
 Empì le fòsse ad iscalar le mura  
 L' Oste cui scélse a lor flagèllo Iddio.  
 E ch' altro èsser potéa ?!

Al muto annunzio

(Più d' ogni vóce flèbile) del sangue,  
 Le gènti sbigottìrono, che indiètro  
 Eran' rimaste, quando alla tragèdia  
 De' figlj suòi più pròdi in campo estinti  
 (Non vièn' mai sólo il mal) malór s' aggiunse.  
 Cadérsi in séno la cittade un dardo  
 Dal cièl sentì invisibile.—“ *La Pèste !*”  
 (Sciamò la prima vittima :)—“ *La Pèste !!*”  
 (Sciamò chi primo udìlla) ; e la Cittade  
 Divénne, in mén che il dico, èco lugùbre,  
 Ch' ovunque ripeté—“ *Pèste ! la Pèste !!!*”

Silènzio il primo dì, cupa tristèzza  
 Si féce in quella tèrra, empì ogni còre.  
 L' òcchio dell' uòm.... dell' uòmo il còr non mai  
 Avéa simìl spettàcolo veduto,  
 Nè tanta mai l' avéa pietà commòso.  
 Ore.... poch' óre in sé tutti i martìri  
 Fur' viste a contenér di mille mòrbi,  
 E l' uòm da mille mòrbi lacerato.

Death and Transgression, (ever hand in hand,)  
By their own pride engender'd, 'mid their ranks  
Mov'd darkly on ; their direst enemies—  
Above their heads, a vapour fraught with dread,  
With sorrow—horror—vengeance—densely hung ;  
The fearful frown of an offended God !  
Thus fell they by His hand : and the vast host  
Who did them battle, were the instruments  
Of the Almighty wrath. Fainting and weak  
They fell before the foe ; their quivering trunks  
Yielding a footing to their enemy.—  
Could it be otherwise where God was not ?—  
--Blood flow'd about them ; the dumb harbinger  
Which needs no voice of wailing to enhance  
The terror of its tidings, when, behold—  
A second judgment ! which awhile forbade  
All memory of the fall'n ; a second pang,  
Deeper and deadlier than the first, was felt  
Through the devoted city, when a cry  
As of some demon-scourg'd and madden'd wretch  
Peal'd through the streets,—“ The Plague !” The first who  
heard  
The yell, scream'd out in turn, “ The Plague !” Aghast  
For one short moment, men held in their breath,  
Striving to doubt—but forth again it burst  
As with a trumpet blast ; and while the sound  
Fell on their aching ears, they caught it up,  
And cast it back again with frightful shrieks ;  
Until the city, where so late was heard  
The sob of breaking hearts, the clash of arms,  
The wail of women in their helplessness,  
Became one hideous echo—all beside  
Drown'd in the maddening yell :—“ The Plague ! The  
Plague !”

Then silence fell on the deserted streets,  
And men shrank, trembling, from the ghastly truth.  
The boldest spirit quail'd, the sternest hearts  
Were melted into pity and to fear ;  
A few brief hours did the dark work of years,  
And one fell malady comprised the pangs  
Of manifold diseases. Man was torn

L' uòm lo chiam' io ?—Mé lasso ! omè dell' uòmo  
Più non ritiène il mìsero sembianza,  
Né più del Fattór suo l' immàgin bèlla !

Oh ! se' tu quel, che, giòvine e avvénente,  
Avéi da sónno plácido stamane  
Schiusi gli òcchi, che in frónte t' èran' stéлле  
Testimòni d' un còr tutto ripièno  
Di quanto la speranza ha di più dólce ?  
Oh ! se' tu quel, che, nato a presiedére  
(Opra di Dio più bèlla) a quanto ha Dio  
A piacer tuo creato, èri più bèllo,  
Staman', dei fiór', che avéa baciati auróra ?  
Oh ! se' tu quel, che, a' genitóri innanzi  
Vénendo ogni mattina, èri ritratto  
Di quel ch' ei di récente èrano stati,  
E li facéi sorridere di giòja  
Nel rivedér dell' uòm la primavèra  
(Ch' una sol è) nel figlio rinnovata ?!  
Oh ! se' tu quel, da cui pendéa la pace,  
Dalla cui sòrte il còr tutto pendéa  
Di vérgine gentile amante e amata ?!  
Quéllo se' tu, ch' empiévi di dolcézza,  
Quando cantavi, l' àere d' intórno,  
E, se parlavi, i còr' d' ammirazióne ?  
Ah ! non più quel tu sèi. . . . né di quel l' ómbra !!!  
Un' óra . . . . un' óra brève ha dell' Aprile  
L' amenità distrutta, i fior . . . . la giòja,  
E tutto, in primavèra, ha quel recato  
Ch' ha di più tristo il vèrno !—Già sì vaghe  
Le fórme tue, omè, più non son' quélle,  
Ne' più riconoscibili ! Al bel fióre

As by a thousand plagues ; man, said I ? man ?  
Alas ! the smitten wretch, amid his throes,  
Was man no longer : from his brow was rent  
All likeness to his Maker, to his kind !—

Art thou the same, poor victim, who at noon  
Mov'd in thy brightness like a thing of light ?  
Whose eyes, just opening from their tranquil rest,  
Like earthly stars shed lustre on thy path,  
And told the hope that nestled at thy heart ?  
Canst thou be he, thy Maker's masterpiece,  
Who, born to rule the meaner animals  
Of this most glorious world, stood proudly forth  
More beautiful, more blooming than the flowers  
That woo'd thee in thy holiday of life ?  
Art thou the lov'd one who at every dawn  
Call'd down the blessing of the aged pair  
Who gave thee life ; and who in thy young strength,  
Thy duteous gentleness, thy manly grace,  
Beheld a dearer image of themselves,  
And smil'd amid the weakness of their years,  
To see their spring of life renewed in thee ?  
Was it on thee that all the hopes, the peace,  
The feelings of a pure and trusting breast  
Were once bound up ? a lov'd and lovely one  
Dependant, for her happiness, on earth ?  
Was it thy voice, when murmur'd out in song,  
On which so many ears enraptur'd hung ?  
Thine eloquence which won so many hearts ?  
Alas ! 'tis but a dream—thy day of pride,  
Of beauty, and of strength, is overpast ;  
One little hour has blighted thee : thy spring  
Is spent ere scarcely tasted, and the blast  
Of fell disease has made it winter now !



Che dianzi ti ridéa degli anni in viso  
Decrepitezza squallida è succèssa !  
Le guancie, cui s' uniano a colorire  
Testé le ròse e i giglj, or pavonazze  
Fàttesi e scarne : gli òcchi, che l' impèro  
Esercitàvan' dianzi su bel cuòre,  
E 'l cui splendór soave il buonvolére  
Di chi dintórno stàvati attirava,  
Or nella frónte (òcchi non più) sepólti :  
Lo stòrcer delle mèmbra quasi sèrpe  
In due partito : e gli urli agonizzanti,  
Che, mòrte di chi t' ama, acèrbo strazio  
Anche del còr farien' dell' inimico,  
Or tutto è pròva infàusta che sèi  
In agonià fierìssima, cui mai,  
Dacch' uòmo è l' uòm, non spermentò natura.  
Oh di misèria pièno umano gèrme,  
A qual rovina mai se' degradato....  
A qual serbato sei sòrte nefanda !  
Oh del peccato infàusta conséguenza !!!

Entra, spirito fòrte.... incrèdulo ! éntra,  
E nella stanza oh mira del dolóre  
Il fòrte, il bello, il giòvine prostrato !  
Mira la mòrte arcigna ogni suo strazio  
In un sol' uòmo infliggere ; e in un' óra,  
Pria di vibrare in lui l' ùltimo tèlo,  
Fare ad un sól provar tutti i martìri,  
Co' quai partitaménte i mille e i mille  
Avéva inesoràbile già spènti.  
Mira confusi i dòtti a pro' dell' ègro  
Nulla potér chiamati, ché deluse



Shrunk is thy form of manliness and might :  
Men look upon thee, but they know thee not :  
The bloom of youth, which brighten'd o'er thy brow,  
Is wither'd, never to return ; thy cheeks,  
Where warr'd the brightest tints of health and strength,  
Are lean and livid e'en to loathsomeness ;  
Thine eyes, where beauty lov'd to sun herself,  
Gaining and giving splendour, sunk and dim,  
Refuse their office, prematurely dead !  
Thy writhing limbs, like to a severed snake,  
In ghastly coilings, seem to lose the use  
Which Nature had assigned them ; while thy voice  
Hoarse—howling—horrible—might waken tears  
In eyes that hate thee ; while to those who love  
They treble every pang. Alas ! for thee  
Earth hath no keener agony than this.  
“ O miserable mankind, to what fall  
Degraded ; to what wretched state reserv'd ! ”\*

Here enter, Infidel ! Apostate ! *here—*  
Approach the dying bed, and there behold  
The strong, the beautiful, the young, beat down  
Amid his strength and beauty. See where Death,  
Armed with a thousand torments, stands aloof  
To use them singly ; ere he hurls the last,  
Unfailing arrow to the sufferer's heart !  
Behold him, in his fearful might, exhaust  
His hoarded pangs, each deadly in itself :  
See too the men of skill, with baffled eye,  
Look on, unable to assuage the throes  
Of this most fell disease ; their subtlest arts  
Prostrated by a dark and withering burst

\* Milton.

Son' l' arte e la dottrina. Un velén nuòvo  
Mira ! ogni góccia mèdica al veléno  
Aggiùnger, che, invisibile inghiottito  
(D' ogni mùscolo a strazio e d' ogni nèrvo  
Già sèrpe nelle véne !—Nuòvo scémpio  
Mira la man chirùrgica (óve muòva  
All' òpre, ond' ella avéa già tanti frali  
Còrpi a mòrte rapiti) far de' mèmbri,  
Ch' ha testé tóccchi l' angelo dell' ira !  
Inàbile rimira inoperósa  
Stargli pietà d' intórno, e amór con éssa,  
Che tutto a pro' di lui vorrà potére,  
E al suo morir per non poter si muòre !  
E s' agli estèrni ségnj punto crédi,  
Mira dal còr . . . . dall' intéllètto oh mira  
Quanto Preghierà è assènte di quell' egro, . . . .  
La Preghierà, che è Dio . . . . o l' uòm con lui !  
—Assènte e la Preghierà al più grand' uòpo . . . .  
All' ùltimo dell' uòmo !—Ei più da Dio  
Grazie ottenér non può :—non ottièn' grazia  
Chi Dio non prèga . . . . e quéi non può pregare.  
Natura in quell' uòm mìsero sé stéssa  
Più non ravvisa ; ché non mai natura  
A strazio fù sí flèbile dannata.  
Vivo-sepólto in sén della baléna,  
Quando sovr' éssó avéa tutte serrate  
Le pòrte sue la vita, neppur Giòna  
Provò qual è torménto l' ultim' óra .  
Ch' ei pur poté levar l' ànima a Dio,  
E Dio pregar di grazia e di perdóno :  
Ma quì prostrata è l' ànima . . . . ed è muta.

Of agony and madness : see their drugs  
But turn to fiercer poison ; and call up  
New tortures, until every pulse and nerve  
Quivers and quails beneath the unequal strife !  
Behold the surgeon's hand (prompt to apply  
The remedies which erst had brought success,)   
Lending still keener agonies, to those  
Which the destroying Angel, like a flood  
Of liquid flame, had poured into the veins  
Of his despairing victim. Pity shrinks  
In the timidity of uselessness  
From the hard couch of death ; and Love, in tears  
At its own impotence, can only die  
As dies the cherished one it may not save !  
If thou hast faith, repentant sinner, come,  
And see how life may pause without the power  
Of prayer and supplication. Still he lives,  
Yet 'tis but in the flesh ; the heart, the mind,  
The glorious intellect have sunk in night ;  
The body resteth, but the soul is gone !  
He lives, yet cannot pray ; he cannot taste  
That bless'd communion, which is either God,  
Or the best link which binds that God to man.  
In his last hour of need he cannot pray,—  
He cannot ask one blessing—deprecate  
The vengeance of his Maker—seek for peace  
Whence only it can come ; he cannot pray !  
Nature, aghast, recoils upon herself,  
And shrinks before a new and fearful scourge.  
E'en Jonah, when engulphed, shut out from all  
Of human kind, hopeless of life and light  
In his most hideous prison, felt a joy  
Unknown in this surpassing misery !  
*He* still could raise his spirit-cry to God ;  
*He* still could weep o'er his repented sins,  
And sue for peace and pardon. Here, the sou  
Is prostrated and mute ; her light is gone !

—Omè, chi sà dell' ùltima preghierà  
(Quando vigéa salute in quelle fórme)  
Qual fù il tenóre, e quanto fù dal punto  
Ch' ei le trafisse l' angelo lontana !—  
Avésse ah pur quel mìsero saputo,  
Ch' ùltima offèrta sua quella preghierà  
Stava al Signór per èssere : . . . . che un padre,  
Che un Dio invocava . . . . un Dio, che fra non molto  
Diriagli in tribunal giùdice assiso,  
“ Beato, a dèstra ! ” ó “ A manca, maledétto ! ”  
Con che fervor (benché pròdigo figlio)  
Al Signór suo rivòltosi, perdóno  
Gridato ei non avrìa de' falli suoi . . . .  
Al suo Signór, che padre e Padre-Dio  
Eragli ancór (ch' è a dir) tutto mercéde,  
Nelle braccia ad accóglierlo di padre  
Prónto ancóra e a dar' órdine, che fèsta  
Nella magión degli angioli si fésse  
Pel peccatór pentìtosi.—Il fec' egli ?—  
Se sì, se nò, sallo sol déssò e Dio !!!

Spècchiati intanto in lui, materialista !  
Ch' òcchi non hai che per vedér la mòta.  
In lui ti spècchia, e 'l bel triónfo ossèrva  
Di tua crédèzza sòrdida.

Negare,

Dimmi, puòi tu, che l' uòm dal di ch' ei nasce  
Sà, che il giòrno di mòrte ha da venire,  
Che l' ha 'dal móndo a tògliere per sèmpre ?  
Negar, dimmi, puo' tu, che previdènza  
Di sì trémèndo avveniménto e cèrto,  
(Nel cui veléno intìngonsi pur tutte

Alas ! what may have been his latest prayer,  
When health and strength were with him ; when his thought  
Dwelt not upon the moment, then so near,  
Of judgment and of death ! Could he have known  
That supplication to have been the last  
His lips would ever proffer : that his voice  
Invok'd a Father and a God, by whom  
He would so soon be summon'd, as a Judge  
At the tribunal of Eternity—  
A Judge whose awful fiat would peal forth  
An everlasting sentence : “ On my right  
Stand thou, most blessed one ! ” or, “ On my left  
Take up thy place, accursed ! ” with what zeal,  
What breathless fervour had he cried to God,  
However coldly through a life of sin  
He might have worshipp'd—with what trembling tears  
Had he poured out his soul in penitence,  
And sued for pardon at the Eternal throne !  
How had he sought the mercy of that God  
Who was alike his Father and his Lord :  
The Great and Pitiful, whose ready ear  
Might yet have heard the cry, and answered it ;  
And, as the parent, when the prodigal  
Return'd in penitence to weep his fault,  
And in humility to mend his life,  
Received him with rejoicings ; even thus  
His Heavenly Father might have pardoned him !  
And had such been his prayer ? Who shall reply ?  
The answer rests with him, and with his God !  
And thou, materialist—who, of the world  
And thine own empty theories, would make  
A God of clay, come hither, and behold !  
This is thy fellow mortal, and in him  
Thou seest the fate which may o'ertake thyself.  
Hast thou not learn'd that man, however wrapt  
In his own vanity ; however great  
In his own fond conceit ; however fenc'd  
By pomp and power, must yield them all—and die !  
Canst thou deny that the dark dread of death,  
(To thee, and such as thee, who cast away



Di questa vita mîsera le spine)  
Maledizióne e mòrte è della vita  
Per chi (qual te) d' ammétttere ricusa  
Ch' è delle còse tutte Iddio l' autóre ?—  
Or che présciènza tal non avveléna  
L' esistènza de' bruti al móndo nòstro  
Chiaro tel pròva il tàuro, che menare,  
Benché sî fòrte, làsciasi al macèllo  
Non mén dell' agna dòcile che bacia  
La man sul désko a suo supplizio armata.  
Dunque, com' è che sî il tuo Dio—la mòta—  
Commétte a danno tuo tanta ingiustizia?  
Ché già non mi dirai èssere un dóno  
Dell' Esistènza bèlla èsser tu cònschio  
Che antivédi tremando l' ultim óra.  
E s' é pur vér, che possa l' Esistènza  
Bèlla parére a te, che innanzi agli òcchi  
Sèmpre malgrado tuo, védi la fine....  
....La Fine (òrrido nóme!) a che tu dunque  
Al nùmer già sî piccòlo de' giòrni,  
Che dassi all' uòm d' esìstere, defalchi,  
Le nòtti (ad acquistàr sciènza e sapére)  
Passando insónne a impallidir su i libri?  
*Saper ?....sciènza* la tua ?—Uòmo infelice!  
*Sapér* quello non è, né quella è *sciènza*,  
Che in tutto a riconóscer non c' inségna  
Di fuòri e déntro noi la man' di Dio.  
Da fil d' èrba minuto all' alta Quèrcie,  
Dal più piccòlo insétto all' élefante,  
O dal più picciol péscce alla baléna,  
Tutto, tutto c' inségna che la tèrra

Their holy faith in a creating God,) Steeps every bliss in poison? Brutes alone Live on, unconscious of their coming fate; The lordly bull walks calmly to the stake E'en like the lamb, which, ere its blood is shed, Caresses the stern hand uprais'd to kill! And is thy creed less merciful? thy life O'ershadow'd by a future fraught with fears? It must be thus—thou dost deny thy God! Dost thou not tremble, when the world appears So beautiful and bright, to know how few May be thy days amid its soft delights? Dost thou not shrink to think upon thine end? Why dost thou waste, o'erwhelmed with dread like this, Ev'n one of those short days? why dost thou pore O'er works of worldly science, seeking light Out of the darkness whence no light can come? What doth thy lore avail?

Can that be wise  
Or great, or learned, which but teaches man  
To look into himself? nor see in all  
About, above, within him, marks of power  
Imprinted there by the sole hand of God?  
The smallest plant--the mightiest oak which rears  
Its head to meet the blast--the tinyest fish  
Which glides along the stream--the bulky mass  
Of the Leviathan which heaves the seas,—  
The winged atom dancing in the sun,—  
The ponderous Elephant—alike proclaim  
That God is the Creator; and the Earth,



Opra è d' un Dio ; e sól che al firmaménto  
 Dal tuo pensar col fangò alzi le luci,  
 Quant' è vedrai glorioso il Créatore,  
 Che Dio nel Sól si móstra, e nella Luna  
 E nelle stélle in cièl, che *quai* pur vide  
 Il primo génitór son' *tai* pur sèmpre,  
 E idèa ci dan', benché soltanto idèa,  
 Di glòria e di splendór, che *mai* non muta.

Sì Dio nell' òpre Sue riconosciuto  
 Tòsto alla ménte inspira, che levare  
 S' è per quelle potuto (Sua mercéde)  
 Ré a contemplarlo in cièlo Onnipossènte,  
 Ammirazion, tremór, riconoscènza,  
 Culto e spème d' ascénder sino a Lui  
 Etèrna a laudarlo eternalménte.

—*Sapére* il tuo, ch' ai falsi orróri aggiunge  
 (Null' altro può) de' quai mòrte decòra  
 Suo spaventóso schèletro ? *Sapére*  
 Quel che t' inségna a aver sòrte comune  
 Co' bruti in vita e in mòrte . . . . a fare stima  
 Sì vil di té ?

Più sòrdido di quelli,  
 Sì, più sòrdido sei, che della bèlla  
 Ragiòn dotato, ad èssere t' ostini  
 Bruto . . . . e peggior de' bruti, po' ché pècchi  
 (Ed essi nò) a dispètto di Ragióne.  
 Or éntra adunque, e spècchiati. La sòrte  
 Ecco ! che mòta (Idolo tuo) alla mòta  
 Serba !—Or guàrdati mucchio di dolóre  
 Fatto e d' orrór . . . . ché il càncero racchiudi  
 Tu ancór nel pètto, avvègna ór non lo sènta !

And all upon it are his handywork !  
 Or, for a moment raise thy thoughts to Heaven,  
 And look above the world thou lov'st so well ;  
 Gaze on the glorious firmament, and see  
 The bright creations of the only God—  
 Behold the sun, the moon, the countless stars,  
 Unchang'd for ages. As our fathers first  
 Beheld them, do we look upon them now ;  
 Types are these wondrous worlds of life and light  
 Of that etherial glory, which has been  
 From the beginning, and shall ever be !

Thus may the Lord be worshipp'd in His works,  
 Thus may the mind (assisted by His grace)  
 Look from these bright creations to their God ;  
 And with a duteous fear, a pious love,  
 Admiringly and gratefully behold  
 That God a King in Heav'n ; and with a hope  
 Holy and humble, wait the hour when death  
 Shall make that joy eternal, which in Heav'n  
 Awaits the faithful ; and where God is praised  
 For ever and for ever.

Call'st thou thine  
 Knowledge, which only adds a deeper gloom  
 To death, and decks his hideous skeleton  
 With more appalling terrors ? Can that be  
 Wisdom which basely teaches thee to bow  
 Thy spirit to a level with the brutes,  
 And share their common and degrading lot ?

More wise than even thou art they if thus  
 Thou dost prostrate thy reason, and become  
 By will, what Nature hath decreed to them.  
 They know not sin ; but thou, insensate wretch,  
 Dost sin, despite the mercy of thy God,  
 Who made thee in the likeness of Himself !  
 Approach the dying, and behold in him  
 What thou shalt one day be ; see what this life,  
 The idol of thy worship—what this flesh,  
 The theme of thy idolatry bequeathes  
 Unto its fellow flesh : contemplate well  
 This hideous mass of horror and disease,—  
 Nor turn away with loathing, and believe

Guarda già prèsto a estinguersi del giòrno  
Agli òcchi della mòta il bèl sérèno . . . .  
Quel, che non mai sénza sentir mirasti  
Desìo nel còre ch' e' durasse ètèrno !  
Guarda farsi le tènebre velóci  
Già da minuto all' altro più vicine,  
E tutto avviluppar di mòrte e bujo  
Il piano, il còlle, il mónte, la fóresta,  
I pàscoli, le grégge, i prati, i fióri,  
Il fónte, il fiume, il mare, le cittadi,  
Augèlli e bélve ed uòmini !—Gli affètti  
D' amór, di gratitùdin, d' amicizia,  
Che nel turrìbol fùron della vita  
Incènso odorosíssimo, oh rimira  
Tutti spirar nel Càos della mota  
Brutti, sòrdidi, inùtili . . . nonnulla !  
Mira in quell' uòmo il *Te*, di cui tu andasti  
Sì per brev' anni tùmido e gelóso,  
A chi ti attórnìa oggèto or di ribrézzo  
Fèccia co' bruti nella stéssa buca  
Già già prèsto a discéndere . . . e marcire !  
Mira . . . che più dirò?—Se al Vér si cièco  
T' ha Sàtana renduto . . . . Satanasso,  
Che della mòta (a rènderti l' oggetto  
Della risa d' Infèrno) èssi servito  
A innamorarti onde perdéssi un cièlo !  
Se nèghi al sól la luce ed alla luna  
E un cuòre all' uòm d' amare Iddio capace,  
Va', mostro di Natura, infin che spiri  
Co' pòrci in brago a vèvere ; e pòi vecchio  
Nella matèria ingólfati . . . . e *finisci* !

Such cannot be *thy* fate ; for though more slow,  
Still doth the poison circle in thy veins—  
Behold the day of life (which, in thy heart,  
So often thou hast wish'd could last for thee,  
To all eternity,) about to sink  
Into the midnight of the grave—to clay !  
Here trace how darkness steals along the soul ;  
Each moment denser, deeper—death and night  
Envelop every object—hills and plains,  
Mountains and forests, meadows, flocks and flow'rs,  
Fountains, and seas, and rivers ; and no less  
The peopled cities, and the human race ;  
All fade away together. Love, and trust,  
And gratitude, and friendship, which had been  
The incense of life's atmosphere, alike  
In this most awful hour succumb, and sink  
Into mere matter, loathsome to the sense,  
Corrupt—disgustful—useless—shrunk away  
Into inanity and nothingness !  
Here gaze upon thyself—here learn to judge  
The value of the idol thou hast shrin'd  
Within thy secret heart—here see that self  
Of which thou hast been vain—that fleshly thing  
Whence charnel scents exhale ; and which must fill  
A grave of fell corruption, like the brutes  
To moulder into rottenness and dust !  
Need I say more ? If, by the secret wiles  
Of Satan, thou art blinded to the truth ;  
If he hath so possessed thee with himself,  
(To make thee sport for devils !) as to raise  
Within thy heart a love of this vile clay ;  
If thou art blinded to the light of Heaven,  
The sun by day, the silver moon by night ;  
If thou canst think that man—the heir of sin,  
Can breathe the breath of life without his God ;  
Then go—an outcast from all Nature's laws ;  
The brand of thy apostacy, burnt in,  
Like to a written curse, upon thy brow.  
Go ! harbour with the brutes : thou art of them,  
And they of thee ; and when thy days are told,  
In the same blindness thou hast liv'd, so end  
Thy dark existence—and, despairing, die !

Altro, oh ben' altro i' véggio, ché la fede  
Altr' ócchi (Dio mercé) m' ha méssi in frónte !

—A misura vegg'io che a quel giacènte  
L' òcchio mortal s' abbàcina (perch' ei  
Si fà del Dì insensibile alla Luce)  
Schiùdersi i cièli e farsi d' óra in óra  
Su quel lètto di mòrte ne' colóri  
L' arco balén più vivido ! Per esso  
Che dal cièl spunta, e in curva a più colóri  
Scènde a dèstra a posarsi di quell' ègro,  
Véggio d' angeli scèndere un bèl còro  
A ministrargli e a pòrgergli cónfòrto.  
Un, ne' mèrti prométtegli di Cristo  
De' falli suoi il perdóno : altri, d' Olivo,  
Che frutti produrrà sèmpre di Pace,  
Véggio una palma cièlica offerirgli :  
Altri, la vita étèrna in Paradiso  
Descrivergli qual fia ; altri, la mano  
Pòrgergli, ond' ei de' vèrmini dal mucchio  
Che sua prigion compósero, e che, in guèrra  
Or l' un con l' altro, téntano a migliàja  
L' alma invano d' offènder ch' è immortale,  
Alzisi à vólo.—Sorridere lo spirto  
Véggio allo sfòrzo inùtil della mòta,  
E in vólto il guardo figger de' célèsti,  
Che in brève gli saran' fratèlli in cièlo.

—Ambo gli spècchi suoi véggio tenérgli  
Alla sinistra il Diàvolo, perch' égli  
Sotto falsi colóri appresentata  
La mortal vita in un di quelli ossèrvi,  
E più che nol fù già, nell' amór d' essa,



The light of faith is round me :—through the grace  
And mercy of my God, my earthly eyes  
Look now upon a holier spectacle !  
Lo ! where the dying one, as life recedes,  
And the world's sights grow dim, forgets his pangs  
In gazing on the blessed light of Heaven !  
The gates of Paradise unfold themselves,  
And the bright rainbow of the faith, whose span  
Begins on high, and ends beside the couch  
Of the just man in his extremity,  
Glow's in still lov'lier colours ; while a train  
Of angels, chorussing the Almighty praise,  
Descend to comfort the departing soul.  
And one, the foremost of the angelic host,  
Is whispering peace, and pardon of his sins,  
Through the Redeemer's sacrifice of love,  
Another stretches forth the olive branch  
Of everlasting amity, whose fruit  
Endures for ever ;—while a third, in tones  
Like softest harpings, paints to him the joys  
Of the Eternity which he has won,  
The last, the loveliest, with a smile of light,  
And ready hand, assists him as he seeks  
To disenthral his panting soul, and rise  
Uncumber'd by the fetters of the flesh.  
Vainly the parting pangs would wound him now,  
He heeds not earthly agony ; he knows  
That through the mercy of a Saviour,  
He is immortal ! and his spirit soars  
To Heav'n, as, marshall'd by the seraph band,  
He smiles in scorn of the vile clay, which erst  
Fetter'd his soul to earth ; and with his gaze  
Fix'd on the forms of light which round him float,  
Wings his bless'd way to join their ranks in Heaven !  
—See where beside his bed the Tempter stands !  
A mirror in each hand : the one all bright  
With a delusive vision of the world  
Wooing him to its worship ; that in this,  
His last and darkest hour, his soul may yearn

Or di lasciarla al punto, ingalappiato,  
Urli al mòrbo od al Dio, che gliela tòglie,  
Maledizioni atróci.

Dai demòni

Nelle fornaci fètide d' infèrno  
D' ogni infernal fattucchierìa compósti  
Son quèlli spèglj. In uno, altre coróne  
Véde il Prence proméssegli ambizióso:  
Véde il Guérrièr per le nóvèlle gèsta  
Nuòvi trofèi ripètere 'l suo nóme :  
Véde il pròdigo i mèzzi a lui proméssi  
Le sue fortune sparse a riparare,  
E a mal mandar di nuòvo una fortuna :  
Véde l' avaro i cùmulì dell' òro,  
A patto sol proméssigli ch' ei viva :  
Véde il lascivo di più vaghe fórme,  
Di più bel cinto adórna e seducènte  
Vènere apparsa a stèndergli le braccia ;  
E la passione ogni uòmo, che, più d' altra,  
Fé del suo còr govèrno e della ménte  
Finch' abitò la tèrra, ivi contèmpla,  
Sólo a patto ch' ei viva, soddisfatta.  
—L' altro è specchio di mòrte ! Essa in un campo,  
Più della péce néro, ogni peccato  
Sta incidèndo a caràtteri di fuòco !  
Tutto è silènzio ivi éntro, cui soltanto  
A rèndere concórron' più trémèndo  
Gli uditi da lontan flèbili accènti  
Del tèmpo, che ne dice Addio !.... Addio !—  
Corníce è di quel vétro a mille tèste  
Disperazion, che ogni ànima sgoménta,



To linger in the flesh; and curse his God,  
Who by disease has torn him from its joys!  
—The demons who have pow'r to tempt mankind,  
In the most fetid furnaces of Hell  
Have forg'd those mirrors with infernal spells.  
In one, the Monarch, whose ambitious soul  
Pants for increase of power, beholds new crowns;  
The warrior looks on fields of blood and strife,  
Where he alone is victor, and his name,  
The rallying cry of glory—the poor fool  
Who covets riches only as a mean  
Of pampering his wastefulness and vice,  
Learns darker modes of prodigality;  
The miser gloats o'er heaps of sordid gold;  
The soft voluptuary, whose worthless life  
Is but a sensual dream, within that glass  
Sees fancy far excell'd by a bright shape,  
Whose face and form seductively entice  
His wakening passions, and whose outstretch'd arms  
Seem to invite and welcome his embrace.  
Each man in that dark mirror sees display'd  
His darling vice—all to be cheaply bought  
By the existence of some added years.

The other mirror is of deadlier hue!  
Black, black as night; where Death stands forth, prepar'd  
To register the sins of him, whose soul  
Is on the wing, in characters of fire!  
All there is silent, save the thrilling tone  
(Deeper than silence), of untiring Time;  
Who, momentarily, to the expiring wretch,  
Murmurs his stern "Farewell!"—The ghastly frame  
Of the dread mirror, is beset with skulls:  
The thousand skulls of grinning, grim Despair;

E se l' uòm vi si guarda l' uom dispèra.

Di quèsti spègli il Diàvolo munito  
Stà tigre pronta al lancio : ma la Cróce  
Véggio, a capo dell' Iride, scagliare  
Cinque fólgori in éssò....ed ei cadere.  
—Precipitar col Dèmone all' infèrno  
La tentazion vegg' io....finir dell' uòmo  
Véggo la lotta al móndo : esso mostrare  
Gli òcchi quaggiù di chiùdere, ed, éterni  
Fatti i dì suòi morèndo, aprirli in cièlo  
Di Cristo a dèstra nell' étèrno Lume.

FINE DEL LIBRO SECONDO.

The soul's worst enemy ! And should he turn  
His eyes upon that mirror, he is lost—  
Despair is deadly—and he *must* despair !

Arm'd with these engines stands the Evil One  
Beside the dying bed—and prompt to rush  
Upon his victim, as the tiger springs  
Upon his prey—so stands he ! But behold—  
Just where the glittering rainbow spans the Heavens,  
The Cross appears ! and suddenly descend  
The thunderbolts of God—Lo ! where they strike  
The Tempter falls, and with him falls the lure  
With which he tempted—while the dying one  
Struggles his last ; he glances once below,  
And dies—but in expiring he becomes  
Eternal—for the eyes which close on earth,  
Re-open to the blessed light of heaven !

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

*LIBRO TERZO.*

SPARSO era il campo d' armi insanguinate ;  
Di semivive ancor tèpide mèmbra !  
Di mòrti, e di feriti sótto 'l péso  
Di cadàveri mólti gemebóndi  
(Ma non uditi ahi mèseri !) dannati  
Ivi a mirar la mòrte (ad ogni góccia  
Ch' uscìa di sangue dall' apèrto séno)  
Lor farsi ognór più squàllida dapprèssò ;  
Di rótte lance e di spezzati fèrri  
Ancór del trónco braccio dalla mano  
Strétto—impugnati ; di destrièri erranti  
Dolènti in vista del Signór perduto ;  
D' altri giacènti al cavalièr guanciaie,  
O sul Campióne esànime, trofèò :  
De' cannóni dei Lìberi, che, vòlti  
Cóntra i lor pètti da tiranna mano,  
(Quasi che avuto un' alma e sentiménto  
Avéssero) sdegnando d' eruttare

*BOOK THE THIRD.*

The ensanguin'd field was cumber'd with the dead,  
And darker still, the dying! All around  
Were scattered weapons bloody from the strife,  
And quivering limbs, and wretches breathing out  
Their groans of anguish, where none paused to catch  
The fleeting breath, and echo back the sigh.  
Beneath the slain they lay; their oozing blood  
Escaping drop by drop from every wound,  
Awaiting death in their despair of help.  
And broken swords were there, and shiver'd spears  
Still grasp'd by sever'd hands; while with mad haste,  
Dilated nostril, and expanded eye,  
Gallop'd the war-steeds, riderless and wild,  
Among the fall'n; or haply, stretch'd beside  
The master they had lov'd, they slept in death  
His pillow, or his covering! On the earth  
Lay the artillery of the Free—the guns  
That tyranny had turn'd against the cause  
They had been brought to aid; which, as endow'd  
With soul and feeling—rather than work out  
The ruin of that cause, and carry death  
To their own ranks—had burst!

La mòrte in lor, scoppiàrono piüttosto !....  
Di mille scène, in una, òrride tutte  
Sparso èra il campo, d' ingiustizia e morte.....  
Di duòlo indescrivibile! sól nòto  
All' òrbo genitór, che, d' anni pièno,  
Scènde, canuto, in pianto nel sepólcro :  
Alla modèsta vérgine sól nòto,  
Che fra lo spòso e lèi, testé si prèssò,  
Véde una man di schèletro interpórsi :  
A lèi sól nòti, che le tréccie sparse  
Strappa, in viso più pàllida di mòrte,  
E che, col figlio in braccio (ùnico pégno  
D' amór.....d'un paradiso incominciato)  
Illagrimàbil fatta dal dolóre  
Che, disperato, il còr le prème, al cièlo  
Urla feróce, che il marito a lèi,  
Che il padre al fantolìn' rènda la mano,  
Che le diè spòso e figlio, ovvér che d' essa  
La vita e di quel pàrvoło ìnnocènte  
Ripìglisi la man, che al fràgil légno  
Spezzò il timón, lor ùnica salute  
In mar, dov' ogni flutto è una procèlla :  
A lui sól nòti, che perduta in còre  
Piange metà di sé.....piange l' amìco.....  
*Sol*, nell' óre seréne ; e fedél *stélla*  
Del tenebrór nell' óre !....éssò perduto,  
Che facéa ómbra a' suòi stanchi pensìeri,  
Cui più trovar non spèra, e cui la fòrza  
Ristorar non gli può d' òro ó d' impèro.  
—Il Sóle....il Sóle istéssò, óra all' occaso  
Vicìn (visibilménte inorridito)

But vain the task

To paint the thousand horrors of the field ;  
The woe—the treason—the despair—the death !  
He only can compute it, he, the lost  
Desolate parent, who in his old age  
Bends his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave—  
Or the bereav'd one who with bursting heart  
Calls the betroth'd to grace the marriage feast,  
And turns to greet a grisly skeleton—  
Nor less the wife, the fond and widow'd wife,  
Widow'd ere scarcely wedded, from whose lip  
The smile has vanished, from whose youthful cheek  
The glow of health is gone, who madly clasps  
An infant to her breast, her only one,  
The first fond pledge of happiness on earth,  
Whose eyes are tearless, but whose grief is deep ;  
Who cries aloud in her despair to Heav'n  
To give her back the dead, to her a Lord,  
And to her child a father ; or to take  
The poor forsaken ones, who rudderless  
Are launch'd upon a wild and stormy sea  
Whose every wave is fraught with woe—Or he  
Whose heart weeps blood for his most cherish'd friend :  
The sun of all his hours of happiness,  
The faithful star which lighted him in grief ;  
The lost one, in whose sympathizing breast  
He pour'd his secret thoughts ; on whom his eye  
Can never look again ; whom to restore  
The wealth of the united world would fail !

The sun, the sun itself about to set,  
Affrighted, veil'd its disc in roseate clouds,  
To shroud the sight of that most fearful field !



Di nuvolétte ròsee una bènda  
Èrasi fatta in vista di quél campo  
(Tutto d' èrbe bellissimo e di fióri  
Prato testé, dóve pascéan le gréggie)  
A' còrvi in prèda adèssò, insanguinato,  
E d' armi e di cadàveri copèrto !  
Quando da lunge uno squillar di trómbe,  
Che per la patria anche gli eròdi caduti  
Scòsse dal sònno, i' crèdo, della mòrte,  
Nella tènda sovrana i vittoriósi  
A accògliersi invitò Duci maggióri.  
—Lé trómbe ancór suonàvano (se nòte,  
Se mùsica quel suòn' puòssi nomare,  
Che fù di mòrte ai Lìberi decréto),  
Che già nel Padiglióne insanguinato,  
A dèstra e a manca del sovrano Duce,  
Brutti di sangue e pólve, s' éran' tutti  
Su sanguinósi scanni i Duci assisi.  
—“ Eròdi ! Compagni ! Sùdditi fedéli ! ”  
(Sì il General levàtosi, accigliato,  
Incominciò) “ copèrto de' ribèlli  
“ Nel lor furóre estinti il campo è nòstro !  
“ Sì bèl principio, o Invitti ! ha l' òpra a mezzo  
“ Oggi recata. Ma non più che mezza  
“ È l' òpera fornita. A noi di pace  
“ (Dai fatti del valor vòstro atterrita)  
“ Manda propóste la città rubèlla,  
“ E aprir le pòrte a patto ne prométte,  
“ Che di que' mólti articoli, su i quali  
“ L' indipèndènza sua (stòlida !) érèsse,  
“ Ed ha di domandarla a mano armata

How changed from what it was—once gay with flowers,  
And fresh with springing grass, where cattle brows'd  
Through the sweet evening hours; now darkly strown  
With victims and with arms: all desolate,  
Ghastly, and still—a blood-besprinkled plain!

A trumpet blast peal'd forth—a sound so shrill  
That ev'n the dead, who perish'd for their land,  
—Shook on that fatal field—it was the call  
Which summon'd all the magnates of the host  
To their stern leader's tent; and still it swell'd  
Upon the wind in music, (if indeed  
That can be music which is Freedom's dirge!)  
As throng'd on either hand the men of war,  
About their General—amid gore they sate,  
Themselves as gory—when he frowning spake:

“ Heroes and comrades! Subjects of my realm,  
“ Faithful and firm! the field which now is strown  
“ With slaughter'd rebels, slaughter'd in their pride,  
“ Is ours!—the work so gloriously begun  
“ Is half achiev'd—yet, warriors, though commenc'd  
“ Boldly and bravely, much remains—yon town  
“ Bow'd into fear by your most high exploits  
“ Now sues for peace—and, casting off the hope  
“ Of that vain liberty, for which of late  
“ She madly fought, will open wide her gates  
“ On one condition: mark it well, my friends—  
“ 'Tis not in truth her freedom, but a form  
“ By which the vanquish'd citizens may gild  
“ The yoke that we have plac'd upon their necks,  
“ And cheat it of its guise of slavery.

- “ (Ancór più stólta !) ardito, accòrdisi *uno*.  
“ Natura è di quest’ *un* non Libertade :  
“ Ma che di Libertà sol la vernicē  
“ Al giògo nostro làscilesi dare.  
“ Se dar lor la si lasci, ovvér se piómbo  
“ Porrém’ sul còllo lor giògo e colóre,  
“ Or quí da voi discùtasi, miei Pròdi,  
“ Cui primo il parér mio òso aprir’ io.  
“ —Dalle brutture sue, dóve giaciuto  
“ (Perché vil, perché<sup>2</sup>fiacca ó sonnólènta)  
“ Sècoli mólti avéva, òggi riscòssa  
“ S’ è in un lontan paése òrrida un Idra,  
“ Che di non cènto capi immaginati,  
“ Ma d’ infinito nùmero di téste  
“ Latra armata, ed assórda Euròpa tutta.  
“ —Pròdi! La PLEBE è surta! e un Ré alla tèsta  
“ (Cosa a ridirsi strana) òggi la règge.  
“ Educata nel fango, essa, di piglio  
“ Con sacrìlega man dato agli scèttri,  
“ Detròna i Règi, e dall’ abisso néro  
“ Dell’ ignoranza sua détta le léggi!  
“ Tutto è in periglio, o Pròdi! e se sfrenata  
“ Dal nido suo pestífero si lascia  
“ Uscir giammai, già tutta infètta Euròpa  
“ In un balén vegg’ io (ché il móstro ha l’ ale) !  
“ D’ òro affamata a tutti lór fà guèrra,  
“ Che (frutto de’ sudóri ó ereditato)  
“ Possèggon’ l’ oro.—Il nóme....il nóme istéssu  
“ Di *Prìncipe* o di *Re*, s’ essa prevale,  
“ Ignoreranno i pòsteri che sia :  
“ La religiòn, le léggi, e l’ arti bèlle

“ And shall we grant them this? How say ye, Sirs?  
“ Or shall we leave it in its naked shape  
“ Shewing the chain in all its iron links?  
“ Let all who will it, speak! But, warriors, first  
“ I crave your patience.—From the depth profound  
“ Of its own insignificance, where long  
“ The frightful fiend hath lain (in fetters forg’d  
“ By its own sloth or slumber) forth has sprung  
“ A Hydra-headed monster, in a land  
“ Far distant—not with fabled heads it stands  
“ Mocking at order, but with eyes and lips  
“ Farseeking and rebellious: its wild cries  
“ And daring looks have made all Europe quail.—  
“ My gallant friends, *The Rabble* are that fiend?  
“ And worse, a king is at their head! A king!  
“ —Sprung from the dust the *rabble* dare to seize  
“ With sacrilegious hands, sceptres and crowns,—  
“ To hurl down monarchs from their sacred thrones,—  
“ And, from the darkness of their narrow souls,  
“ To arrogate high power, and dictate laws.—  
“ My brave companions! danger is abroad;  
“ The Hydra must be crushed—if once it rush  
“ From its empoison’d nest, and flap its wings  
“ Over devoted Europe, all is lost!—  
“ The fell infection, with a lightning speed,  
“ Will wither all around it.—With a soul  
“ Greedy for gold, this monster wars with those  
“ Who may possess it; careless should it prove  
“ The well won wages of a life of toil,  
“ Or the mere gift of fortune. Should it grow  
“ Into the power for which it pants, all those  
“ Who throng around our hearths, our little ones,  
“ Will soon forget that kings and princes rul’d  
“ The several kingdoms of the mighty earth;  
“ Religion, laws, and those more polish’d arts  
“ Which grow out of the human intellect,

“ Vedrém’ tutte in un fascio naufragare :  
“ E, tutti bruti fàttisi gli umani,  
“ Tutta un déserto diventar la tèrra.  
“ —Benché da lunge uditi, i lor latrati  
“ Han’ de’ già fidi al Signór nòstro i còri  
“ Di Libertà col càncero attoscato,  
“ Sì che, avvègna siam’ noi cènto contr’ uno,  
“ Quant’ è quell’ un difficil stramazzone  
“ Oggi fer’ pròvā i cènto. Ma del Sire,  
“ Ch’ i’ rapprésènto, e règge tutti nói,  
“ Ecco la ménte, o fidi! e, in un, la mia.  
“ —Mezzo non v’ ha fra i Lìberi e gli schiavi:  
“ Onde, se un passo agli ùltimi si lascia  
“ Ver Libertà pur muòver, d’ inoltrarsi  
“ Finché le sieno in braccio ei non più mai  
“ Mai cesseranno : e vedrém’ pria sparvière  
“ Di tortórèlla i piccolì covare,  
“ Che farsi a noi possìbile l’ oppórli.  
“ Nòstra paròla in campo di battaglia  
“ Sia dunque, o Fidi! ‘ *Ai Lìberi la mòrte!*’  
“ E, pria che frédde de’ caduti in Campo  
“ Le mèmbra sèn’, si marci ad espugnare  
“ Della Città le mura. A fil di spada  
“ Que’ còr tutti si màndin’, ch’ hann’ ardito  
“ Sognar... sentir... volér la Libertade;  
“ E finché pólve abbiām’, piómbo, cannóni,  
“ Accése miccie e braccia, ogni uòm’ s’ atterri,  
“ Che Re non nacque e sdégna d’ obbedire.”  
..Quì il General finì sévèro in viso,  
Sévèro in còre.

“ *Ai Liberi la Mòrte!*”



“ Will meet one common ruin; man will sink  
“ Into a sensual animal; and worse,  
“ The glorious world become a wilderness!  
“ The howlings of this Hydra, though the sound  
“ Has been subdued by distance, yet have wrought  
“ Their hateful task too well; the poison works  
“ Here, in the midst of us: and hearts which once  
“ Were faithful to their monarch, overflow  
“ With this most cankerous thirst for Liberty!  
“ Have we not proof of this? When, ev’n to-day  
“ A hundred against one we strove, and learn’d  
“ How near the Hundred fail’d to bow the One;  
“ Then hear me, warrior-brothers; from my lips  
“ Gather the will of Him, whom best to serve  
“ Is both your task and mine: nor listen less  
“ To mine own counsel. Medium there is none  
“ Between the Freeman and the Slave; and thus  
“ To grant unto the conquer’d e’en one step  
“ Towards the liberty for which they pant,  
“ Is but to yield up all: once let them taste  
“ But the minutest freedom, ’twill suffice  
“ To lure them on to hope; nor will they pause  
“ Until again they nestle in her arms;  
“ Once there, my friends! we shall contend in vain;  
“ The falcon will protect the ring-dove’s nest  
“ Ere we shall tear them hence! Let then our shout  
“ Of victory, our rallying cry of war,  
“ Peal out ‘ Death to the Free!’ and let our deeds  
“ Be its most faithful echo—Even now,  
“ (Ere yet the slain on yonder field are cold),  
“ Let us march on, and terminate our task!  
“ The rebel city is before us: there  
“ Must the great deed be done; and every heart  
“ In which this hateful feeling hath been nurs’d,  
“ This demon Liberty, be made our spoil;  
“ Nor those alone who in her cause have bled,  
“ But they whose haughty spirits may have swell’d  
“ With hope of freedom: whose most idle dreams  
“ Have pictur’d it: whose wishes may have dwelt  
“ On its supremacy. On—On—nor pause  
“ While we have implements of death, and arms  
“ To wield those weapons—let them die the death



(Fù il grido universal degli adunati,  
Che tutti, in atto fièro, sóvra l' élsa  
Póser la mano).

Un sól la non vi póse.

A tanta crudeltà, pàllido d' ira,  
Muto rimase e immòbile sol' uno.

—Erano appéna in lui tutti convèrsi  
Dell' assemblèa gli sguardi, che, infiammato  
Di zèl sévèro (in Tèrra *Abdièl*) quell' uno  
Co' sentiménti suòi alla corrènte  
Così di quella furia àrgine féssi.

—“ Sè da gènte pagana, ó se da truppa  
“ D' uòmini al bòsco, che in comun la tana  
“ Han' con le bélve ‘ *Ai Lìberi la Mòrte*’  
“ Consigliar mai s' udiisse, abbrividare  
“ L' uòm non soltanto sentiriasi e in séno  
“ Piàngergli il cuòre d' ira invelenito,  
“ Ma le zanne (cred' io), truce, e gli artigli  
“ A sasso aguzzerèn' le Tigri Ircane  
“ A dilaniare i mèmbri, inviperite,  
“ Di chi la ‘ *Mòrte ai Lìberi*’ minaccia.  
“ Ma che d' armi cristiane circondato,  
“ Da General Cristiano consigliere  
“ S' òda ‘ *La Mòrte ai Lìberi,*’ è un orróre,  
“ Cui sól pòn' dell' infèrno èssere eguali  
“ Le maladétte tènebre. Oh costumi!  
“ Oh tèmpi rèi! E non son' ei gli Umani  
“ Tutti d' un Padre sol figlj, ch' è in cièlo?  
“ E non son' ei per èssere da Lui,  
“ Dopo brèv' anni in móndo transitòrio  
“ (Pòveri ó ricchi : sùdditi ó monarchi)

“ Who, meanly born, shall scruple to obey!”

So spake the ruthless leader : in his soul

As in his counsel stern—“ *Death to the Free !*”

Shriek’d forth the crouching slaves who throng’d around;

While every hand, greedy of human blood,

Clutch’d at its kindred weapon—One alone

Stood silently apart, nor join’d the cry;

As, pale with horror, he shrank back aghast

When peal’d about him the demoniac yell.

All eyes were turn’d upon him as he stood,

Severe in zeal ; (an Abdiel upon earth!)

When thus regardless of the frowning brows

Which gloom’d upon him, earnestly he spoke :

“ If a fierce Pagan horde—a robber band

“ Ruthless and rude, associates of the beasts

“ Of their own forest-fastnesses, could hear

“ That hellish watch-word murmur’d by a host ;

“ That doom pronounc’d against the Free—not man

“ Palsied and paralysed alone would shrink

“ With bleeding heart and holy wrath—but e’en

“ The very tigers, fiercer than their wont,

“ Would grind their teeth, and stretch their claws, to rend

“ The recreant piecemeal, whose pestiferous breath

“ Threatens the Free with Death ; But thus to hear

“ The Christian leader of a Christian Host

“ Utter such words of menace, makes the soul

“ Recoil within itself.—It is a deed

“ Which only can be equall’d in that hell

“ Where all is darkness ! Matchless wickedness !

“ Degenerate times !—Are not all men alike

“ The children of one Father ? of that God

“ Who is the Lord of Heaven ? And all alike

“ To be, when this brief earthly pilgrimage

“ Is overpast, judg’d by that Mighty One ?

“ The poor, the rich, the beggar, and the king,

“ Senza risguardo tutti giudicati,  
“ E, buoni, in cièlo accòliti, od all’ infèrno,  
“ Se rèi, precipitati?—Esser può dunque,  
“ Che, méntre Onniprésènte.... Onnisciente  
“ È il giudice imparziàl, che li ha creati,  
“ E Padre a tutti è uguale.... a tutti è Dio,  
“ Osan’ pèrfidi i Règi della Tèrra  
“ Far’ de’ sùdditi strazio, èsser tiranni?  
“ —Figli non ei del Caso, come vònno  
“ Gl’ incrèduli o i poèti, i Ré già sóno,  
“ Ma dal volére in tròno collocati  
“ Di Lui, che tutto può quello che vuòle.  
“ Sovra ’l rèsto degli uòmini sublimi  
“ Rappresentanti suòi li ha Dio voluti,  
“ Perché in Tèrra di Dio faccian’ le véci  
“ A pro’ dell’ uman’ Gènere, cui Dio,  
“ Perché son’ fatti gli uomini sì inìqui,  
“ Di non volér (qual prià) manifestarsi  
“ Insin’ al giòrno ha fisso, che su tròno  
“ Apparirà di nubi in Cristo Suo.  
“ —Di Dio l’ immàgin’ essi? Essi di Dio  
“ Rappresentanti in tèrra?—Ah, s’ un di vói,  
“ Fratèlli mièi guerrièri, ha còre in pètto,  
“ Vòlgasi a manca e a destra, e in Euròpa  
“ Végga quanti son’ gli uòmini, che i Règi  
“ Fanno infelici! Un guardo.... un guardo sólo  
“ D’ Essa al giardìn’ rivòlga: e se nel pètto  
“ Il còr non gli si spèzza, e’ non fù mai  
“ Di compassión capace un uman’ còre.  
“ —Maravigliarsi a che, dunque, che, stati  
“ Già tanti e tanti sècoli calpèsti,

“ Regardless of all worldly attributes ;  
“ To dwell in Heav’n if righteous, or in Hell  
“ If guilty in His eyes ?—And shall man dare,  
“ Because his God has given him to rule  
“ Over a nation, and anointed him  
“ King of a subject people, thus to doom  
“ His fellow-men to death ? and massacre  
“ In his most sinful tyranny, all those  
“ Who were confided to his care ? Shall he,  
“ The delegate of Heaven, forget that God  
“ Omniscient, Omnipresent, knoweth all  
“ His odious tyranny, and hateth it ?  
“ —Kings are not born of chance ; (as infidels,  
“ And poets have pourtray’d them) : “ They are plac’d  
“ Upon the thrones of earth to work His will  
“ Who is the King of all. Above the crowd  
“ The Lord hath rais’d them as His ministers,  
“ That they should, in the strength of His high name,  
“ Work out the welfare of mankind ; to whom,  
“ Anger’d by their surpassing wickedness,  
“ God will not manifest Himself on earth  
“ As He was wont to do : until the day  
“ When on His throne of clouds He will appear,  
“ With the Redeemer near Him. Are the Kings  
“ Who sway the destinies of earth, indeed  
“ The image of their God ? Do all their deeds  
“ Bear reference to His most holy will ?  
“ Alas ! if in one steel-envelop’d breast  
“ There beats a heart, my brethren, cast your eyes  
“ Around you, to the right and to the left,  
“ And then behold how many of the sons  
“ Of Europe are made wretched by her Kings !  
“ Turn but one look, but one, on that fair land  
“ Of beauty and of brightness—Italy—  
“ And if your heart burst not in that long gaze,  
“ Then broken hearts are fables, things of nought,  
“ Engender’d only by the poet’s brain.  
“ And shall we marvel, that, so long oppress’d

- “ D’ ogni diritto lor gli uòmini privi,  
“ D’ ogni lor bèn’ spogliati, in basso stato,  
“ Scherniti, opprèssi, e della bruta fòrza  
“ Pel mèzzo rèo ed ignòbil non soltanto  
“ Di pórre in carta e esprìmere impediti  
“ La mente lor, ma dichiarati rèi,  
“ Sè móstro han’ mai d’ aver ménte ò pensìeri?  
“ Maravigliarsi a che, dico, che il giòrno.....  
“ Il giòrno inevitàbil sia venuto,  
“ In che a’ gèmiti lunghi è pur succèssa  
“ Fra i sùdditi ed i ré lòtta di sangue?  
“ Maravigliarsi a che, Duci! che il còllo  
“ Oggi dal giògo il sùddito sottragga,  
“ E prià la mòrte ei scélga generóso  
“ (Qual vi móstra quel campo insanguinato)  
“ Che la cervice al giògo ripiegare?  
“ Ma se più là di quèlla, ch’ or si para  
“ Tragèdia miseranda innanzi agli òcchi,  
“ Spìnger sdegnate il guardo, ivi s’ arrèsti,  
“ Ivi e’ si pasca....o pianga.—  
“ Che da noi  
“ Alle sólènni promission’ giurate  
“ Esecuzion’ si désse, altro....non altro  
“ Voluto avéan’ que’ mìseri. Delitto  
“ Lor s’ è fatto....delitto capitale  
“ L’ attemiménto esìger d’ improméssa;  
“ E n’ han’ col sangue in campo il fio pagato.—  
“ Contaminato è il Campo! A Dio vendétta  
“ Grida il sangue de’ Liberi innócènti!  
“ Tardar fors’ ella può; ma più trémènda,  
“ Quanto più tarda, agli uòmini Ella giunge.



“ ‘ Reft of their rights, divested of their wealth,  
“ Prostrated into wretchedness, and mock’d,  
“ And trampled by mere brutal force; depriv’d  
“ Of pouring forth their thoughts by lip or pen ;  
“ And even held as guilty should they own  
“ The power of thought or feeling :—Is it strange,  
“ I ask, that the inevitable day  
“ Should have at length arriv’d, in which the groans  
“ Of the oppress’d, was follow’d by the fierce  
“ And bloody struggle, between subjects spoil’d  
“ Of their best rights, and their despoiling kings ?  
“ Is it a marvel, warriors, that e’en now  
“ The people cast the yoke from off their necks ;  
“ And rather chuse to die a noble death,  
“ (As yon most bloody field doth testify),  
“ Than live on in a bondage so accurs’d ?  
“ But if you shrink from looking boldly forth,  
“ On more extended horrors ; ’twill suffice  
“ To rest your eye upon this dismal scene—  
“ This desolating carnage—gaze—and then  
“ As your hearts prompt, rejoice, or weep your fill !  
“ — What sought those slaughter’d ones ? Alas ! no more  
“ Than the fulfilment of our solemn pledge ;  
“ And we have deem’d it guilt, most heavy guilt,  
“ That they should look for truth among ourselves,  
“ In whom they trusted—for that crime they died  
“ Upon the field of carnage.—Execrate  
“ That field will be for ever, moisten’d thus  
“ With the heart’s blood of those who once were free,  
“ And innocent—blood which ascends to Heaven,  
“ And cries aloud for vengeance ; but the more  
“ It tarries, the more deadly will it strike !



“ Sotto le patrie inségne lìber’ io  
“ Pugnato alquanti lustri ho per la patria ;  
“ E le sostanze mie tutte per éssa,  
“ Quando infernale a accèndere costrétti  
“ Fummo un fuòco, perch’ óltre a dilaniarle  
“ Non le venisse il còre Aquila altèra,  
“ Sclamando abbandonai: “ *Viva la Patria !*”  
“ Ma di battaglia quèsto non è campo,  
“ Né per la Patria or pùgnasi. Macèllo  
“ Quì de’ fratèi comméttesi ; e il misfatto  
“ Quì mille vòlte e mille di colùì  
“ Moltiplichiam’, che uccise il fratèl suo.  
“ Non del Ré nòstro quí, non delle spòse,  
“ Non degli antichi padri, non de’ figlj,  
“ Né de’ Tèmpj a difésa il pètto espònsi.  
“ Quì s’ alza il dito a schérno della mòrte ;  
“ Ché quel quì viènsi a tòglìer ch’ è d’ altrui,  
“ E che ad altrui diè Dio !—Iddio ci ossèrva  
“ Guèrrièri nò, carnéfici !—Ei s’ acciglia ;  
“ E, al Suo cipiglio, alata la vendétta  
“ Vèggio (sèmpre dagli uòmini inattésa) ‘  
“ Dall’ urna uscìr dell’ ira del Signóre  
“ Al Ré, alle spòse, ai figli, ai genitóri  
“ Eccidio inevitàbile trémèndo !  
“ I ’volontario all’ armi m’ aggregài  
“ Del Signor mio : né ricompènsa io ténni,  
“ O’ merca’ mai. Finch’ ùtile i’ gli fui,  
“ Espósi il sèn, che adórno ho di ferite ;  
“ Ma po’ ché il rio decretó è manifèsto,  
“ Che pòrta ‘ *Mòrte ai Lìberi,*’ soldato  
“ Più non son’ io ; e quì la spada io spèzzo.

“ —I am a free-born man ; and by the love  
“ I bear my country, have I fought for her  
“ Through many years : when, struggling in her cause,  
“ We gave our city to the flames, to check  
“ The swoop of the fell Eagle, whose red beak  
“ Gloated to banquet on our country’s heart—  
“ All I possess’d was lost—but cheerfully  
“ I yielded it in that most holy cause ;  
“ And as the flames rose o’er my dwelling-place,  
“ I saw them render me a houseless man,  
“ And only cried—God save my Fatherland !  
“ But this is no invading enemy :  
“ This is no conflict in our country’s cause ;  
“ We do but slay our brothers—and with sin  
“ Blacker than his, who first upon the world  
“ Brought tears and death, become a race of Cains !  
“ We fight not for our monarch ;—for our wives,  
“ Our aged ones, the children of our hearts,  
“ The temples of our faith ! we do but mock  
“ The tardiness of death, and do his work,  
“ Taking the life it is not ours to give,  
“ The life a God hath granted—even He  
“ Who looks not on this host as warriors,  
“ But butchers revelling in human gore :  
“ God frowns upon us ; and that fearful frown  
“ Entails his vengeance—from within the urn  
“ Of His most dreadful wrath, I see it pour  
“ Its burning flood on our devoted heads :  
“ Nor ours alone, but on our dearest ones,  
“ The aged and the young—a deadly doom !—  
“ Warriors ! unbidden I unsheath’d my sword  
“ To serve my sovereign : boon nor recompense  
“ Sought I in my requital ; my poor life  
“ I perill’d freely for him ; and my breast  
“ Bears honest testimony of my truth.  
“ But this appalling cry, this stern decree,  
“ Makes me no longer what I was—that shout  
“ Of Death to the free-hearted, palsies me—  
“ I am no more a soldier—and behold,  
“ I break my sword.”

Spezzòlla: ed, in un àttimo, in caténe  
Si trovò stretto il nòbile, da quanti  
Eran' colà, perché invidiato, odiato.  
L' odiar', perché invidiàronlo; ché avvègna  
Dai lor delitti estraggan' qualche giòja,  
Pur che il còr suscettibile di quèlla  
Han', che maggiór dalla virtù s' attinge,  
Anche gl' iniqui accòrgonsi.—Contutto  
Far si stùdino un cièlo dell' infèrno  
Nelle tenèbre gli angeli dannati,  
La luce ei pur distìnguono dal bujo;  
Vorrèbberla....ma invano! ed i bèati,  
Ch' essa fà étèrni abòrrono.

Il concilio

Quì “ dei nemici ai Liberi” si sciòlse,  
E, al suòn di trómbe, promulgàr' gli Araldi  
Che “ al sórgere doman' del nuòvo sóle,  
Pronto a marciare ogni guérrièro accòlto  
Alle bandière sue sòtto il suo Duce  
Dal general trovàssesi sovrano.”

Di suòni intanto e di festóse grida  
Incominciar' le tènde ad echeggiare!  
E in tutte s' imbandì làuto convito.  
Sacra al rìder del piàngere de' buòni  
Fù quèlla nòtte infàusta....dei pròdi  
Estinti per la patria ed insepòliti  
A celebrar l' eccidio....l' assassinio;  
E dai primièri agli ùltimi malnata  
Sì per quel campo estésesi la giòja,  
Che tutto in un' istante, allo splendóre  
Di mille fuòchi in fórma di montagne,

And even at the word

His sword was shiver'd ; and ere long he stood  
In chains among his comrades—chain'd, but free!  
All hated him, for each one envied him.

The evil-minded may make heartless sport  
Of their ill-deeds ; yet in their secret soul  
They feel the thirst of that absorbing joy  
Which men derive from virtue. Ev'n the fall'n—  
The angels who lost Paradise, and sought  
To make a Heaven of their Hell—ev'n they  
Are conscious that their darkness is not light.  
Vainly they long for light ; and with fell hate  
They look upon the blessed ones in Heaven,  
For whom it shineth everlasting !

The Congress was dissolv'd—that which decreed  
“ Death to the Free ! ” and the shrill trumpet blast  
Blent with the herald's loud acclaims, and spread  
New life throughout the host. At dawning day  
Again the banner's folds would be unfurl'd :  
Again each weapon'd warrior to his post  
Would speed, and quit the field of blood and death.  
Ceas'd the loud blast, which slowly died away,  
Like to the wailing of some anguish'd heart :  
Then echoed forth the sounds of revelry  
From every tent ; music, and idle jests ;  
And in the camp was feasting ; through the night  
Peal'd out the miserable mirth—the joy  
Which had been fed by tears, by groans, by death,  
By the dark murder of the patriot brave,  
Slaughter'd, and yet unburied ! The fierce glee  
Spread far and fast throughout the tented plain ;  
The proud, the mean, alike made wassail there ;  
And fires were kindled, bright and flashing fires,  
Mocking the Heavens with light ; disgorging flame  
Like to some vast volcano—till that camp

Fù quel campo una scèna, cui aborrisce  
La musa mentovar che d'alto inspira:

Non guari andò, che, stati in gozzoviglia  
E in godér compagnévole alcun tèmpo,  
Cosí dallo stravizzo trasportare  
Ei si lasciar', che gli schiamazzi rèi  
De' già caldi pel vino ed insolènti  
Tuòno intórno si spàrsero lugùbre,  
Che fé la tèrra e il cièlo inorridire.  
Ma di barbarie un tal raffinaménto  
Alle future età (della nostr' Era  
Ricòrdo abbominévole esecrando)  
Lasciar dovéasi ésèmpio in quella nòtte,  
Che, dacché mondo è móndo, il pari mai  
Né il cièl mirò né gli uòmini !

Colui,  
Non fù sì crudo, che, all' orribil céna,  
Carco di vino e di vivande, assiso  
Alla consòrte in faccia, èbro d' orgóglio,  
D' ira e di sangue, a bévere invitòlla  
Del genitóre uccìsole dal tèschio:  
Non il ferito a móрте, che “ si róse  
Le tèmpie a *Menalippo* per disdégno :”  
Non fù colèi sì rèa, che disse a *Ciro*  
“ Sangue sitisti, ed io di sangue t' émpio :”  
Né *Atrèo* fù crudo sì, che, di *Tièste*  
Svenati i figlj, ne imbandì la mènса  
Al padre inconsapévole....infelice !  
Esèmpj tai di crudeltà, d' orróre;  
Vedér dovéansi tutti sorpassare  
Da ésèrcito Cristiano al sècol nostro !



Became a scene, which the celestial muse  
Who prompts me from above, forbears to paint !  
Nor long that revel lasted, ere the men  
Who banqueted at that unholy feast,  
All swoll'n with insolence and wine, gave forth  
A noise of riot, like the thunder peal  
Which from afar pours out its mournful sound,  
Affrighting heaven and earth ! This fearful night  
Bequeath'd to future ages a most black  
And barbarous memory of our treacherous times,  
A cruelty so ruthless, so refin'd,  
That since the first formation of the world  
Earth had not seen its fellow ; Heaven, nor man,  
Look'd on its prototype,—Less cruel he,  
Who, gorg'd with food, and full of wrath and pride,  
Bloodstain'd, and hot with wine, to his own wife  
Offer'd the skull of him who gave her life,  
Murder'd by his own parricidal hand ;  
And with coarse tauntings, rudely bade her quaff,  
From that most awful cup, her father's health !  
Or he, who smitten mortally, ev'n then  
Found strength to slay his enemy ; and urg'd  
By rage at his own coming fate, bent down  
And gnaw'd the passive temples of the dead !  
Less ruthless she, who in her pride of heart,  
Exclaim'd to Cyrus “ Thou hast cried for blood,  
And I in blood will drown thee ! ” And far less,  
His cruelty, who having slain the young,  
And hapless children of Tieste, made  
A banquet of their limbs, and offer'd up  
The horrid feast to their unconscious sire !  
Less horrible exemplars were all these  
Of ruthlessness, than that which now was giv'n  
By christian soldiers in a christian land !



Due giovinétti mîseri non atti  
(Perché ancor tròppo tènèri) a portare  
L' armi in prò della patria, nel cui amóre  
Ardévan tutti i piccioli lor cuòri,  
Dei vincitor' rimasti èrano in prèda,  
Po' ché caduto il padre èra per éssa.  
Questi il cui còr non èra ancór maturo  
Tutta a sentir quant' è d'avér perduto  
E genitóre e patria la misèria,  
Arbùscoli tuttòr, che la paùra  
D' èsser da fulmin' arsi....inceneriti  
Non conoscéan cos' è, dall' infernale  
Riso bugiardo di chi in man li avéa  
Sedótti, il labbro a ridondante tazza  
Avvicinaro, e bévvero l' obbliò  
Di sé, per brèvi istanti, della patria,  
Del génitóre estinto e dell' onóre.  
Di sénno usciti appéna, ei fur' dai vècchi  
Nemici lor diabòlici instigati  
Nel lor linguaggio i càntici a intuonare  
Di Libertà!—quei càntici al cui suóno  
Marciato avéano a mòrte coraggiósi  
I lor fratèlli adulti e il genitóre.—  
Essi il càntico, mîseri! intonàro;  
E, non finito ancóra, applàuso al canto  
Fur' le risa, lo schérno e le bestémme!—  
—Oh Dio di pace, di pietà, d' amóre,  
Che ciò vedésti, e védi, e ciò ricòrdi,  
Lava, lava col sangue del Tuo figlio  
La pàgina d' orrór, sì ch' al Gran Giórno  
Non Té l' addìti l' Angelo d' infèrno

Two feeble little ones, as yet too young  
To carry arms, and aid the common cause;  
Loving their country in their guiltless hearts,  
Yet scarcely recking wherefore, were among  
The captives of the foe; their father's blood  
Had flow'd upon the fatal field; and thus  
Orphans and prisoners, they became the spoil  
Of their unnatural enemies: their years  
Were yet too green for sorrow—death and chains  
To them were merely words—like sapling shrubs  
Unconscious of the blast of noxious winds,  
The withering of the storm-stroke; to the smile  
Of their too subtle captors, prompt they turn'd  
In holy unsuspecting trust; and quaff'd  
From the o'er brimming cup of wine, the draught  
Which to their infancy brought madness! There  
They drank in deep forgetfulness of self,  
Of their lost country, of their murder'd sire,  
And of the honors which were theirs through him!  
And thus, while heated with the demon-draught,  
Senseless, and souless, at the victor's nod  
They sang the song of Liberty—that song  
Their fathers and their brothers peal'd in death!  
They sang it, hapless ones! amid the din  
Of maniac laughter, blasphemy, and shouts,  
The chorus of the victors!

God of Peace,  
Of mercy, and of love, who didst look down,  
And see this deed of darkness: from whose eye  
Unsleeping and untiring, even yet  
It hath not pass'd away—who, on the page  
Of everlasting record, hath inscribed  
The hellish act—for Thy dear Mercy's sake,  
Wash, with the blood of Thy most precious Son,  
That withering memory out!—that, at the day  
Of Thy last judgment, the avenging hand  
Of Thine accusing angel may not point

A dannazion' d' ésèrcito sì infame !  
Fa', che, doman', riscòssisi (nel sónno  
Dópo d' avér la cràpola digèsta)  
Altre préghière a Te non sien capaci  
Che làgrime è singhiozzi d' offerire  
Del Crocifisso al piè, dov' è tésoro  
Di pace a chi si pènte e di perdóno !—  
—Ma dell' uòmo (che, dàtosì a un éccèssò,  
S' imbéstia sì, che d' altro si fà ingórdo,  
E d' altro e d' altro pòi sèmpre maggióre)  
A soccórso, bénèfica Natura  
Mandò quel figlio suo, che dalle cure  
Liète ò nojóse l' ànime disciòglie ;  
Talché il bestial romór, che, insultatore,  
Tutti assordava i régnj del Silènzio,  
A farsi incominciò men' spaventóso,  
Finché tuòno divénne a pòco a pòco,  
Che da lontan s' ascólta. . . . e che si muòre.—  
—Tutto ingemmato il Firmaménto a stéllè  
Negò alla Luna un nùvol quèlla nòtte,  
Sì ch' ella, a suo malgrado testimòne  
Di tanto orrór, cred' io si lamentasse  
D' èssere in cièl mai nata a illuminare  
Di questa tèrra mìsera le scène.—  
Fido ministro il Sónno del Silènzio,  
In man lo scèttero al Signòr suo ripòsto  
E lo stellato diadèma in tèsta  
Avéagli già, che gli uòmini arroganti  
Mólte e molt' ore avévangli usurpato,  
Méntre l' obblìo in bàlsamo soàve  
L' òdio, l' ira, l' amóre, la vendétta,

In triumph to that fiendlike deed, and urge  
On that dark plea, Thy vengeance on the host  
Who perpetrated, Lord, in Thy despite  
So horrible a crime ! May they, through Thee,  
When they awaken on the morrow, (freed  
From drunkenness by sleep) approach Thy throne  
With tears and sighs of penitence, as low,  
At the bless'd foot of the most holy Cross,  
They weep the evil they have wrought: and seek  
Forgiveness where alone it may be found !—

How lost were man, when yielding to the vice  
Which ranks him with the brutes, in eager haste  
He flies from crime to crime, did not the sleep  
Which Nature (prodigal of care for man)  
Sheds o'er the soul, withdraw him for awhile  
Alike from care and pleasure. Hence it was  
That the loud riot, and the deafening din  
Which had scar'd silence from her midnight throne,  
Died gradually away ; until at length,  
Like a spent thunder-peal, it ceas'd ! The sky  
O'erstrown with stars like jewels, lent no cloud  
To shroud the unwilling moon, which for a time  
Forbore to look upon so sad a scene ;—  
And when she rose reluctant in the Heav'ns,  
To shed her light upon the blood-stain'd field,  
She shone more palely than her wont, aggriev'd  
To lend her ray to so much wretchedness.  
Sleep—Minister of silence—in the hand  
Of midnight's Monarch soothingly replac'd  
The sceptre of his power, and once again  
Plac'd on his head the starry diadem,  
Which man had wrench'd by riot from his grasp.  
Meanwhile, Oblivion with a noiseless clasp,  
Replac'd within the urn on which she leant,  
Hatred, and wrath, and love, revenge, and hope,

Disperazion, speranza ed il timóre  
Confusi tutti e tàciti tenéa ;  
Quando al Duce sovrano, che adagiato,  
Tutto dell' armi in punto, èrasi appéna  
Su ricco lètto, in pórpora ravvòlto  
Per ermellini ed àuro preziosa,  
Ecco ! visione offerirsi subitána . . . .  
Vision' malagurósa !!!—

Al manco lato

Ecco ! lènto, lentissimo ad aprirsi  
Il Padiglion suo Règio !—Esso la mano  
Non può vedér, che l' apre . . . . ma più tanto  
(Giusta perché invisibil) gliéla pingé  
Trémènda Man la fantasìa turbata.  
Il campo egli non già dall' apertura  
Scòrge (qual pria), ma mìsero un tugurio,  
Alla cui sòglia, in punto d' inoltrarsi,  
Stan' Fame e Mòrte.—Un suòno ècco ! indistinto  
Uscir ne ascólta, che a ferire il cuòre  
Gli vièn' cóme di pàrvolo che piange,  
Che chiède pane e adìrasi ; e di madre,  
Che, perché pan le manca a satollare  
Il figliuolino ancóra àngelo in tèrra,  
Or gème, or piange, or prèga, óra s' infuria.—  
—Al suòn la vista sùbita succède :  
Ecco ! una giòvin spòsa addolorata,  
Estenuata e squàllida, cui sémбра  
Del pianto or fatta esàusta la fónte.  
Ecco ! mancar la pòca le si véde  
Fòrza rimasta, e sulla nuda tèrra  
Posar suo figlio lànguìdo : spirare

Despair, and fear—the passions of the earth !—

The regal chieftain stretch'd his weary limbs  
On his rich couch ; yet cast he not aside  
His costly armour, nor the purple folds  
Of his imperial mantle, ermine-edg'd,  
And rich with golden needle-work.—When, lo !  
A sudden vision ominous and dread  
Reveal'd itself, and shook his haughty soul.

The draperied Pavilion opens wide  
Upon his left—he does not see the hand  
Which gathers up its folds ; and thus to him  
It images a horror !—Through that space  
He looks not on the battle field where late  
He fought ; but on a dreary wild—his eyes  
Behold a ruin'd hut, so mean, that ne'er  
Those eyes had look upon its prototype ;  
Beside its portal, grinning hunger stands  
With death on her right hand, about to raise  
The latch, and enter there—and now, a sound,  
A cry, so horrible comes forth, it strikes  
To his affrighted heart—it is the wail  
Of infant hunger—'tis the feeble plaint  
Of one who asks for bread ; a little one,  
Whose cravings turn to anger—answer'd soon  
By a more piteous voice :—the voice of her  
Who sees her first-born perish, without means  
To stay the spirit's flight—a mother, 'reft  
Of hope, of help, of bread ! whose sorrow grows  
From groans to prayer, from prayer to madness— See !  
Pale, spent, and reckless ; all her little strength  
Exhausted by the pang which gnaws her heart.  
Upon the earth she lays her dying child,



Ecco ! il fanciullo : essa levare al cièlo  
Ecco ! un tal guardo védesi, per cui  
Che le s' è rôtto il còr chiaro si scèrne ;  
Domandar (muta) se vi son' per éssa  
Altre sciagure al mónno : rassegnarsi  
Indi umiliata : sulla cara spòglia  
Cadér del figlio. . . . e l' ànima spirare. —  
—Cangiarsi ècco ! in ergàstolo il tugurio :  
E la ferrata pòrta un carcérière  
Ecco ! s' ascólta a schiùdere : un demònio  
(Non uman viso) entrare, ed acqua impura  
Da tòzzo accompagnata di pan néro  
A un prigionìer recar, che, incatenato,  
Stà genuflèssò, e il macilènto viso  
Nascónde nelle man' piène di pianto :  
Ecco ! un urlo d' infèrno il malandrino  
Cacciar, che fin' nell' ànima discénde  
A far tremar quel mìsero : ecco ! levare  
Esso la faccia, e in quèlla (ancor dipinta  
Già dei color' di Mòrte, che l' ha tócco)  
Ecco ! il Pròde ravvisasi, che, sólo  
Ardì pregare “ Ai Lìberi la vita ! ”  
A vòlger lènto gli òcchi èccolo ! insino  
In quei del Duce suo mèsti li ha fissi :  
Guardarlo alquanto. . . .chiùderli. . . e morire !—  
—Quì si risèrra a manca, e lènto. . . .lènto  
Ecco ! schiùdesi a dèstra il padiglióne,  
Su cui (perché del sangue dell' agnèllo  
Non tròva il contrasségno) già, librato  
Sull' adeguate pénne, un dardo ei vibra  
D' avvelenata punta Angel di mòrte.

And, lo ! it lives no longer.—Unto Heaven  
She raises her dim eyes :—her heart has burst—  
She utters not a word, yet in her look  
She seems to ask if Providence hath yet  
More misery in store—and now, resign'd  
To His most holy will, with Christian trust  
She bends above her dead one, and with smiles,  
Such as the wretched *only* guess at—dies !

The scene has chang'd ! where late the hut appear'd  
Now glooms a dungeon ; grating on its hinge  
Opens the heavy door, and through the space  
Enters a form, whose demon-face scarce owns  
A human semblance ; in his bony hand  
He bears a cruse of water foul with filth,  
And bread which is not food. Upon his knees,  
Weigh'd down with chains, a prisoner hides his eyes  
In his spread hands ; he cannot brook a glance  
Like that now turn'd upon him—cannot brook  
That one, scarce man, should look upon his tears !  
A shout which pierces to his very soul  
Recalls him to himself ; his drooping head  
Is haughtily uprais'd ; not chains, nor lack  
Of the pure air of Heav'n, can rob that brow  
Of its high character ; nor does the soul  
Of the scar'd vision-seer a moment pause  
Over the recognition—It is He !  
The Hero, who alone amid a host  
Of sycophants and sinners, dar'd to ask  
Life for the Free !—'Tis He !—And lo ! he turns  
His eyes upon his General ; gazing long  
And sadly on him ; then, as though his soul  
Were sick, he closes them, and dies !—And now  
The curtains fall ; but slowly on his right  
Once more they open ; those dark, fateful folds,  
O'er which Death's Angel hovers ; (where no trace  
Of Christ's redeeming blood is seen, to turn

—Ecco ! in collina amèna e rilevata  
(Fuòr dell' apèrta) móstrasi piantato  
Le circostanti valli a vagheggiare  
Ricco un Palagio ; ècco ! apparire agli atrj  
Concórso immènso, e calca ad ogni accèso  
Fare e alle pòrte : aprirsi la gran Sala  
Ecco ! di mènse làute già scèna,  
Di suòni, e canti e balli. . . . or, di lugùbri  
Véli copèrta, esclùdere, in meriggio,  
Del Sol la luce, e funerale offrire  
Pómpa di céra e canti. Di dolóre  
Ecco ! atteggiata nòbile figura  
S' òffre in gramaglia. Dalle biónde trèccie  
Néro si parte e sino al piè le scènde  
A fitte pièghe un vélo. A lènti passi,  
Fatta vicina al fèretro, che, ornato  
D' inségne militari, òccupa il cèntro  
Della gran sala, sópra vi depóne  
Di làuri intèsto e di ciprèssi un sèrto :  
Pòscia in silènzio làgrima, e si pròstra.—  
—Da condensate nùvole scoppiato  
Non così prèsto il fólgo discènde,  
Quanto velóce delle cére al Lume  
Succède il Sol, sparisce ogni vel néro,  
Scènde la Bara della tèrra in séno,  
E nel suo luògo un Tùmulo si véde  
Fuòr' magnìfico sórger dalla Tèrra,  
Dove' Epitaffio è sólo una paròla.  
Quella paròla è un Nóme !—Ahi quale ?—Oh vista !  
Oh nóme !!—o mòrte !!!—

—Di spavènto pièna

Quì la visión diléguasi : dal sónno

His vengeful hand aside !) He hovers there  
Ready to launch his deadly arrow forth.

How fair a scene those parted folds reveal !  
A soft and sunny hill, upon whose crest  
A regal Palace spreads its marble wings ;  
While its long shadows fall in gentle shade  
O'er valleys glad with verdure. Hast'ning on  
With eager step, a multitude contend  
Who first shall enter through those open gates,  
Which, falling back, disclose a stately hall  
Where erst the sound of music, and the throng  
Of merry dancers, fill'd the air with joy ;—  
But now 'tis chang'd : its melancholy walls  
Are hung with sables, and the glorious beams  
Of the bright sun are banish'd, for the pomp  
Of funeral tapers and lugubrious sounds !  
A female form—a fair and graceful form,  
Grief-worn, and clad in the dark robes of woe,  
Comes forward in that hall ; from head to foot  
Enveloped in a veil, she seems to shrink  
From her own sorrow ; yet with noiseless step  
She moves beside the bier, whose pall is strown  
With glittering trophies ; there, with trembling hand  
She adds another offering—'tis a wreath  
Of laurel blent with cypress ; as with tears  
Wrung from her heart, she kneels beside the dead !—

Swift flies the thunderbolt, launch'd by the hand  
Of the Eternal, through the cloud-clad sky ;  
Yet with more wond'rous haste the vision chang'd  
From darkness into light. Each sickly torch  
Faded beneath the sunshine ; and the folds  
Of the dark hangings vanish'd : the proud bier  
Sank, as it seem'd, in earth ; and on its site  
Arose a marble tomb—a mighty tomb—  
Whereon one solitary word was 'grav'd,  
Companionless and praiseless—'twas a name !  
Whose was that name ? 'twas His—the haughty one's—  
Ev'n his who read it there !—the vow'd to Death !  
Vanish'd the vision :—from his restless couch

Slégasi il Duce, e un urlo (urlo di mòrte)  
Manda, che tòsto in mughhj si convèrte  
Di tàuro che la scure ha mòrto a mèzzo.  
Dal tristo suòn la guardia entra invocata ;  
E, a' primi raggj dell' irato Sóle,  
Il General suo véde agonizzare  
Tócco in frónte dall' Angelo dell' Ira !  
—Dal Padiglión Sovrano in un moménto  
Passa alle tènde pròssime il bisbiglio,  
Che della “ Pèste” ei cade il Generale.—  
—Ad accertare accórrono l' évènto  
Quelli in potére al General vicini.—  
Vista appéna di mòrte quella scèna,  
Vòlgon' le spalle ei tutti ; e, in suòn' feróce,  
Tutte del Campo invìtano le trómbe  
Alla marcia....alla pugna....alla vittòria !—  
—Ecco ! tutto in un punto il Campo muòve :  
Ecco ! di Campo rimaner vestigio  
Più non si véde, éccètto un Padiglióne....  
E in èsso un Duce all' agonia di mòrte  
Con fèrro, al capezzale, insanguinato,  
Cu' in punto èra la mano d' impugnare  
Per portar “ Mòrte ai Liberi !” Non spòsa,  
Né figlia ó amico al mìsero amministra !  
Amato mai, temuto dai soldati,  
Or dai soldati abbandonato ei muòre :  
Da chi in potére a lui èra secóndo  
Sèmpre invidiato : odiato da migliaja  
D' òrbi padri, di spose vedovate,  
Di fanciullini or' òrfani.... e da Dio ?!!!

Up-sprang the Monarch-Leader, with a shriek  
Such as the wounded animal gives out  
Ere wholly slain. The wary guard speeds in,  
Waiting no bidding, to the sacred tent;  
And by the first beam of a morning sun,  
He sees his General writhing in the pangs  
Of some fierce malady—the winged shaft,  
None may avert, has smitten down the strong !  
Swift spreads the whisper round the crowded camp ;  
From tent to tent the fearful murmur flies,  
“ Our General breathes his last !—He dies of Plague !”

The Leaders of the host draw nigh, to look  
Upon the dreadful spectacle : and thence  
They turn to other scenes : the trumpets peal—  
The camp is broken up !—Again they march  
To battle, and to conquest ; not a trace  
Is left of that proud army, save where, lone  
And silent, stands the solitary tent  
Where Death is busy with his wretched prey.  
There lies the proud one in his helplessness ;  
His blood-stain'd sword beside him, which so late  
The hand, now nerveless, wielded in the cause  
Which smote at Freedom—left to die alone,  
Nor wife, nor child beside him—not a friend  
To soothe his parting agonies—cut off  
From all his kind—abandon'd by the world  
He serv'd so blindly—by the soldiery  
Who were his pride, and in whose iron hearts  
Fear of their Leader did the work of love—  
By all the great who look'd to him for pow'r,  
Yet envied him the privilege to grant  
The boon they sought—hated by fathers, 'reft  
Of their most dear ones by his stern decrees—  
By wives through him made widows—by young hearts  
Embitter'd by the curse of orphanage  
Through his dark agency—yet, may we hope,  
Remember'd by the mercy of his God !



*LIBRO QUARTO.*

DALLA città non lunge, or' assediata,  
Sorgéva un mónte di non tróppa altezza,  
D' ogni maniera d' alberi vestito,  
Che, a poco a poco degradando, all' òcchio  
Vista offerìano amèna.

A mèzzo il mónte,

Dell' alberéta fuòri, ad apparire  
(Secondo che muovéan' gli alberi al vènto)  
Di quando in quando gòtiche due tórri  
Vedéansi annunziatrici a' viandanti,  
Che sacro luògo ivi era, ove da Dio  
S' ascoltavan' le sùppliche dell' uòmo.  
Al Tèmpio antico accanto ùmil sorgeva  
Angusta casa, ch' ùmile albergava  
Còppia d' anime....d' angeli nel mondo!  
De' padri suoi alla Fede....alla fé sua  
Fido rimasto, ivi un pastor vissuto  
Già cinque lustri avea, delle pòche

*BOOK THE FOURTH.*

NEAR the beleaguer'd city rose a hill  
O'ergrown with trees, which, as they gain'd its crest  
Became less tall of stature and of limb;  
And cool and pleasant to the eye appear'd  
The varied foliage of that cone-like wood.  
Midway, (when sighing through the gentle leaves  
The breezes wav'd aside the flexile boughs,)  
Two gothic towers were seen at intervals  
Amid the forest; telling the sweet tale,  
To the worn traveller, of a sacred spot  
Where God was worshipp'd. Near that ancient church  
Rose modestly a low and simple roof,  
Beneath whose shelter dwelt two humble ones,  
Pious and pure of heart; an aged man  
True to his faith—that faith which he had learnt  
From fond ancestral lips, now cold in death;—  
The shepherd of a small and sainted flock

Pècore a cura, ch' èran di Lutèro  
All' eresie (cattóliche!) sfuggite!  
Dagli anni suòi più tèneri l' ésèmpio  
Di quanta immaginar sanno gli umani  
Perfezion possìbile stat' èra.  
D' indole ei nato ardènte, avéa per tèmpo  
Pósto alle fiamme un fréno, che, lasciate,  
Al primo apparir lóro, alla lor furia,  
Sdégnan' dell' uòm.... di Dio sdegnan' l' impèro,  
E in tanto incèndio sórgono, che altróve  
Poi non si vanno a spènger che all' infèrno.  
L' avéa quì Dio assistito! ché, sul fióre  
D' anni fèrvidi sì... d' anni sì bèlli,  
Non è per l' uòm possìbile inésperto  
(Quando il sénno dell' uòm non è maturo)  
Scéglia la via spontàneo, cui tutte  
Sémbra del còre oppòngansi le brame....  
Sémbra la ménte oppóngasi e natura.—  
Lasciar negli anni primi amèna valle  
Tutta di fiór' dipinta, intornïata  
Di montagnétte bèlle, aprìca, ombrósa,  
Da fréschi intersecata crìstallini  
Plàcidi rivi, per un' aspra, inculta  
Alpe scoscésa, rìgida e nevósa!  
Il riso (ch' è l' aver l' ànima in fèsta)  
Abbandonar, che in vista è tanto bèllo,  
E par' pianéta sótto cui sol' uno  
Sia destinato a viver l' uman' còre,  
Per tutto darsi in pianto! Le ricchézze  
Lasciar d' ambir, se d' ésse sprovveduti,  
Od, opulènti, sfàrsene, per còpia

In numbers scanty but in spirit meek,  
Untouch'd by infidelity or crime !  
Ev'n from his earliest years that man of peace  
Had been the child of piety and prayer ;  
A symbol of the purity of soul  
Which, despite all the lures of a vain world,  
Man may yet gain, through grace. In his first youth  
His spirit had been ardent ; but betimes  
He had subdued the flame, which, left to burn  
Had baffled a more tardy check, nor paus'd  
In its wild ruin, till it sank beneath  
The fiercer flames of everlasting woe !  
His God had lent him strength ! for in those years,  
Those bright and beaming years when life is new,  
He of himself had fail'd : hot, eager youth,  
Rash, immature of purpose, is too prone  
To chuse the sunnier path, and shun the way,  
The steep and narrow way, against whose toils  
All the vain passions of the human heart  
Array themselves so madly.—To forsake  
In our bright years, a valley gay with flowers,  
Bosom'd in swelling hills, where sun and shade  
Succeed each other like to pleasant thoughts,  
Where rippling rivers dance beneath the light,  
Shimmering and shivering in the summer beam ;—  
To leave so fair a path for sterile rocks,  
For Alpine horrors, realms of ice and hoar,  
Seems to the recklessness of early life  
Impossible and idle.—To renounce  
That banquet of the soul whose charm appears  
To lend new light to an existence, strong  
In all the springing energies of joy ;  
An earthly planet brightening by its beams  
The human heart—to yield ourselves to tears,  
Is surely more than mortal ; and requires  
His aid, who only can avail to give  
The needful strength of purpose. To resign  
The thirst for wealth, if poor—or, if endow'd

Farne a chi nato è in ùmile fortuna !  
Spòsa, congiunti, amici e genitori  
(Affètti ónde si pasce e vita ha il còre)  
In abbandón' quì mèttere, per tòrre  
Sóvra le spalle rùvida una cróce,  
Cui, perch' Ei scése ad espiar le cólpe  
De' suo' creati in tèrra il Creatóre,  
Ludibrio è del filòsofo ed ischéрно....  
Ludibrio del filòsofo, che amóre  
Non sà che sia, e mén quéllo d' un Dio,  
Póma d' àlbero quèste a sé lasciato  
Créscer qual vuòl sulla montagna ó in valle,  
Nò, non son' esse. D' àrbore e' sòn' pómi,  
Che, cara al giardinière, atto terréno  
Le sue radici a stèndere ha trovato,  
Sì che germóglià, infiórasi e fà frutto  
Da sol benigno e da rugiade amiche  
A perfezion condótto a grado a grado,  
Finché, maturo e bello, è fatto dégno  
D' èssere ammésso ne' giardin' di Dio.

Gióvane ancór battéagli tutto vita  
In pètto il còr, che fósche sul suo capo  
S' incominciar' le nubi a congregare.  
La nòbil generósa Indole sua  
(Perché fèrvida) fù dalla sévèra  
Sua genitrice male interpretata,  
Talché colèi stimando èsser dovère  
L' altézza degli spìriti umiliare,  
Austeritade impròvida impiegando,  
Dièssi a tenér la canna a viva fòrza,  
Nata a levar la tèsta, al suòl piegata.

With earthly riches, to relinquish all ;  
To clothe the naked, and to feed the faint ;  
To quit the fond attractions of our home,  
Our wife, our kindred, and the aged ones  
Who gave us life ;—to cast aside the ties  
Which are the strength, the blessing of our hearts ;—  
To rend these bonds asunder of ourselves ;  
To bear the cross which, (in their mockery  
Of all things holy,) men of these our days  
Proud in their vain Philosophy, deny  
To be the pledge of a Redeemer's love ;  
Philosophy, which from the human heart  
Shuts out the gentler feelings, nor can tell,  
How bless'd a thing the love of God must be !  
No—this is not the sacrifice which man  
Spontaneously would make ; the world contains,  
How fair soe'er its valleys and its hills,  
No tree of which the fruits are pure as these.—  
This yielding up of all for righteousness,  
Springs from a Heav'nlier soil—a soil so pure  
That there its roots may germ, its boughs and buds  
Burst into beauty, and produce such fruit,  
As, nurs'd by suns and dews of holiness,  
Will ripen in the everlasting bowers !

That man of peace was strong in youth and hope  
When sorrows thicken'd round him, ev'n as clouds  
Gloom o'er the azure of a summer Heaven ;  
His mother knew not what a noble heart  
She wither'd by her harshness—he was proud,  
Yet was it with no bitter haughtiness  
He fed his spirit ; she, in her blind zeal  
Misread his nature ; and by means too stern  
To lead him gently to a humbler mood,  
She crush'd the reed, less rudeness might have bent.  
Unhappy, amid innocence, the boy



Al giovinétto mìsero....innocènte  
Cangiar natura èra impossìbil còsa,  
Ond' ei dell' innocènta i più bèi giòrni  
Tutti passò a dibàttersi (ma invano)  
Sótto importàbil giògo. Ma quel Dio,  
Che tentazióne che le fòrze éccède  
All' uòm non manda, in còr del giovinétto  
Mandò (soccórso ai mali) d' orazióne  
Lo spìrito célèste....l' orazióne  
Dell' umiltà figliuòla....il talismano  
Contra cui tutte spùntansi le fréccie  
Cui Vita in séno de' mortali scòcca....  
L' oraziòn', che è bàlsamo, rugiada,  
Mùsica, piòggia e sóle, che aliménta,  
Che avviva le virtudi e le colóra.....  
L' oraziòn', che in sé chiude tesòro  
Di nòbile ardiménto, di consiglio,  
Di tolleranza, di paziènta invitta....  
L' oraziòn', che il nostro purgatòrio  
In paradiso quì cangia térrèstre.

Chièse di grazia il giòvine il suo Dio,  
E, alle préghiere sue Dio fervoróse  
Pòrse benigne orécchie, sì che fòrza  
Gli diè d' oppórsi al tórbido tórrènte,  
Che séco minacciàvalo di trarre  
In mar d' ógni svéntùra a disperare.

Venn' ei crèscèndo in anni. Ma il cònsòrzio  
In móndo rèo con gli uòmini, innocènta  
(Pèrla preziosa e càndida!....armellino,  
Che più bruttarsi téme che morire!....  
Néve da piè non tòcca, che più a lungo

Was blighted in his spring, whose earliest days  
Were spent in struggles 'gainst a galling yoke :  
But God was gracious to him ; when the load  
Became too heavy for his failing strength  
Then did His mercy lighten it ; for then  
He pour'd into his heart the love of prayer.  
Prayer, the meek daughter of humility,  
The talisman which turns aside the shafts  
Which, world-directed, seek the breast of man—  
Prayer, the bless'd medium by which earth may hold  
Communion with the Eternal—Prayer, the dew,  
The balm, the music of the soul ; the shower,  
And sunshine which revivify the heart,  
And bid the virtues blossom—Prayer, whose shrine  
Is rich in noble courage, wisdom, peace,  
Forbearance, patience, and unshaken faith—  
Prayer, by whose holy influence we may make  
Our purgatorial pilgrimage on earth  
A mortal Heaven. And even thus did he  
Implore protection—for he pray'd in heart !  
God gave him strength to struggle with the tide  
Which sought to bear him onward by its might,  
To the dark ocean of despair and tears ;  
And thus he grew to manhood : and he stood  
Among his fellow-men, but not untouch'd  
By the communion with a sinful world ;  
For innocence, that pure and precious pearl ;  
That ermine, conscious of the slightest stain ;  
That snow, the lightest foot-fall will deface ;—  
Aghast and trembling fled his tainted soul,

De' più levati mónti in su le cime  
Intatta si cónserva) or dall' adulto  
Sén s' invólò, perch' alle fòrze sue  
A dar battaglia l' àngel cominciassse  
Agli uòmini inimico, e di sua fede  
Pròva l' uòm dèsse e del su' amóre a Dio!

Ei cadde, sì!—ma delle sue cadute  
Pianse, ned inquietòssene óltre mòdo,  
Amando ei sèmpre, e sèmpre (perché mólto  
Amava Dio) sperando nel pér dóno.  
D' amóre ei nello spìrito ed in pace  
Mirò le colpe sue, che, quando odiate,  
Giammai l' amór non tarda a consumare:  
E al sól rimèdio atténnesi lasciato  
Al peccatór, col mettére a profitto  
I falli suòi, facèndoli servire  
Ad umiliar....confóndere sé stésso,  
Dell' opinióne errònea a sgannarlo,  
Che *star*, non sostenuto, ei pur podrèbbe,  
E del suo còr per sèmpre a diffidare!  
Di féde ei sèmpre alimentòssi e visse:  
Mai non cóntò sull' òpere sue buòne,  
Né delle sue virtù (se mai ne vide  
La simétría) insuperbì ó fidòssi.  
Delle sue proprie imperfezióni in pace  
La vista ei tollerò, di Dio al volére  
Sé tutto abbandonando che non vuole  
Altro che il Ben'....di Dio alla Provvidèzza....  
A Lei, che, madre tènèra, dei figlj  
(Li sgridi ó li accarézzi) è sèmpre amante.  
Tèrre ei cercò stranière; e, peregrino,

While God withheld his aid, that sin might work  
Upon his nature, and call forth in him  
The proof of the pure faith he had profess'd  
And of the love he to the Lord had vow'd!

He fell, for he was tempted—but with tears  
Of penitence he wept his crime—with tears  
Wrung from a humbled spirit—yet despair  
Fell not upon him, for he lov'd his God;  
From his first boyhood he had clung to Him,  
And still in Him had hope. That he had sinn'd  
He felt and knew; but to a Lord of peace  
He turn'd repentant: stricken to the heart  
By his own sinfulness, in humble trust  
That faults so hated would be blotted out  
By the pure mercy of a God of love!  
All sinner as he was, he of his sins  
Made added means of righteousness; by them  
He humbled his proud spirit; bow'd his soul  
Ev'n to the dust: made holy arguments  
Of his own nothingness; and taught his heart  
To feel its weakness, and to see the truth  
That by himself he stood not, but by God,  
Who, for a while forgotten, suffer'd him  
To fall through his presumptuous trust in self:  
That he but liv'd by Faith; and that his soul  
Existed in the love he bore the Lord.  
That he himself was nothing, and his works  
Were even less than nothing, while they grew  
Out of a pride in his own holiness.  
This wholesome truth once learnt, his goodliest acts  
Awoke no self applause—his lightest sins  
He wept, and trusted to his Maker's will—  
That will which is all mercy—to the care  
Of that kind Providence, which, while it chides  
Still loves the child it chastens—firm in faith  
He look'd but to his Saviour's Cross for help!

Nuòvi paési ei vide, còse nuòve,  
Strani costumi, altri àbiti, altra gènte ;  
Ma guari non andò, ch' egli s' accòrse,  
Che nella scòrza tutta consistéva....  
Nell' apparènta sol la varietate !  
Ch' uòmo èra l' uòm per tutto, che è a dire,  
Débole, vano, ingiusto ed incostante,  
Presuntuóso e falso ; ond' ei fluìre  
Lasciò l' acqua tranquilla sótto i pónti  
E gli uòmini esser uòmini. Convinto,  
Che d' èsser *tai* sarèbbe l' impedirli  
Una impossìbil còsa, egli seguire  
Lasciò ciascuno il pròprio naturale....  
L' abitudini sue ciascun seguire.  
Soffrirli ei reputò la via più brève,  
L' accostumarsi ad èssere deriso,  
E all' ingiustizie loro abituarsi :  
Nel sèn restare in pace del Signóre,  
Che tutti (me' di noi) véde e permétte  
Mali sì grandi al móndo ; èsser contènto  
Di quel che dipendéa da lui di fare  
(Per pòco ch' e' pur fósse) e tutto 'l rèsto  
Per lui cóme non fósse il riguardare.

Giunto di vita dal cammino a mèzzo  
Per virtuósa fémmina stranièra  
D' amór si prése, e tòlsela per móglie :  
Ma Dio, sèmpre gelóso, che quel còre  
Tutto voléa per Sé, come la patria  
Tòlto gli avéa gli amici ed i parènti,  
Lei (dono Suo) riprésesi nel cièlo,  
E d' essa a lui (pietóso !) un caro pégno

He left his native country ; and he dwelt  
 In other lands, were all was new and strange ;  
 The faces which he looked on, and the tongues  
 To which he listen'd ; yet ere long he learn'd  
 That 'twas the surface only that was chang'd ;  
 Mankind were still mankind ; the same in all,  
 Save in mere outward seeming—vain, and weak,  
 Treach'rous and proud, inconstant, mean, and false.  
 He saw and felt the humbling, bitter truth ;  
 And thus he let the human tide flow on,  
 And look'd to his own footing. Men, still men,  
 Through every change of climate and of scene,  
 The same in nature and in passion, cross'd  
 His path where'er he wander'd : but in peace  
 He mov'd among them ; bearing as he might  
 Their weaknesses and follies : the poor sneers  
 Of the contemptuous, and the biting wrong  
 Of the unjust ; looking in trust to Him  
 Whose will is Holiness ; (who, seeing more  
 Than in our blindness we have power to do  
 Of the world's wickedness, for some wise end  
 Permits these evils ;) he pursued his way,  
 Content to do the good (however small  
 Its nature or extent) which through His help,  
 His earthly lot permitted ; and to look  
 Upon the evil calmly, as on that  
 To which he could apply no remedy,  
 And seeing, still might shun.

In middle life

He won a foreign bride, as beautiful  
 As she was good and gentle ; but this love  
 Which wiled away his heart from God, not long  
 Was by that God permitted—He reclaim'd  
 The gift which He had made.—Bereft of her,  
 Of his lov'd home, his kindred, and his friends,  
 The wanderer's spirit bent beneath the stroke :  
 Yet stood he not alone ; a pitying God  
 Had mercy on his misery—a girl,  
 A fair and cherub girl, had seen the light  
 Of earth, upon the day on which his wife



Lasciò di santa unióne . . . una fanciulla  
Il dì che in cièl la genitrice ammise.

Sbigottì l' alma al còlpo e di còrdòglio  
Nube si fólta avviluppò 'l suo cuòre,  
Ch'ei quì dal Signor suo che aveva amato  
E in chi fidato avea sé derelitto  
Vide e sentì! —ma Dio, che di Sé sazia,  
Sol ch' ei lo gustin' gli uòmini “ *Son Io !* ”  
(Nel cuor suonò, ch' or quasi disperava)  
“ Son' Io che sì ti vísito ! da Giusto  
“ Rasségnati e sì mio ! ”

Più bello mai . . .

Signor mai più clémènte e Donatore  
Più non appar munìfico l' Eternò  
All' uòm giammai, di quando in còr (che al punto  
È di spezzarsi) infóndere ei si sènte  
Consolazion dall' alto inaspettata . . .  
Consolazion célèste, ch' ogni fibra  
Cérca e ristòra !

L' anima prostrata

Quanto più opprèssa avévala il dolóre  
Quì si levò più nòbile : *Maria*  
Nómò la pargolétta, e di sua vita  
A *Maria* madre del Figliuol di Dio  
Ei consacrar fé vóto il rimanènte . . .  
A Lei, che santa fù prima che nata,  
In cui Sua luce ascóse il sómmo sóle,  
“ Del parto suo divin figliuòla e madre,  
“ Cui non fù prià la sìmile né pòi !

Da Dio chiamato ei fécesi di Lui  
Casto ministro e pio ; e l' ore sue

Had gone to look upon the light of Heaven !

But the strong man was bow'd ; and in the rush  
Of his first anguish, he beheld himself  
Abandon'd by his Maker—by that Lord  
In whom he trusted—'twas a fearful thought  
Engender'd by his grief ; but God, whose love  
Forsakes not those who seek Him, shed a balm  
Upon his stricken spirit : from the depths  
Of his affliction rose a soothing voice  
Which murmur'd :—“ It is I who visit thee !  
“ Be to My mercy just—confide in Me !  
“ And thus be Mine !”

How beautiful appears  
The graciousness of the Eternal One,  
The benefactor of the human race,  
When o'er the heart of the despairing man,  
The consolation which is born of Him,  
Steals peacefully along, and teaches hope !  
And even thus that pure and holy balm  
Stillling the pulses by its tranquil spell,  
Now gave new vigour to the fainting soul  
Of the bereav'd one : and ere long he rais'd  
His heart once more to God in pious trust.

He nam'd the infant “ Mary,” for that name  
Was hallow'd, and most holy ; and he vow'd  
His after life to Her, through whose pure means  
It was thus blessed—to the spotless one,  
The Virgin-mother of the Son of God !  
To her thrice-happy service dedicate,  
Who ere her birth was holy, and in whom  
The Sun of our Salvation hid awhile  
Its all surpassing light : of whom the earth  
Hath never seen the prototype, and ne'er  
May look to see again. And thus he lived,  
Call'd by his God, a pure and pious man ;  
A minister of Heav'n, whose sinless life,  
Was spent in cares for his one orphan child,  
And for the flock entrusted to his fold.

Pastor divise e padre, della figlia  
Al bene e delle pècore affidate.

Sótto il Cristian patèrno réggiménto  
Crébbe in beltà *Maria* ed in pietate,  
Sì che, all' aprìl degli anni, era ornaménto  
All' onestà su' angèlica bellézza,  
Méntre il gréggie, che atténto ei custodiva  
Sollécito pastór non ambizióso  
Ogni óra in mèglio Iddio gli prosperava.

Di sue virtudi il suòno a ferir giunse  
Del sèttime de' Pìi (Papa sovrano)  
Alfin l' orécchio . . . . del Pastór suprèmo,  
Che fù d' ogni virtù bèlla maéstro,  
Di mille dòti ricco e tutte rare,  
E, ciò malgrado, affàbile ed umìle,  
Nòbil, pudìco e santo : nella sòrte  
Pròspera a Dio riconóscènte ei sèmpre,  
E nell' avvèrsa in Dio sèmpre sicuro.

Mitra ed anèl *Pio Sèttime* ad offrire  
Perciò mandògli : ma del ricco dóno  
Fé l' ùmil Sacerdòte umìl rifiuto.  
Ei si sovvénne, che, salito in alto,  
Ei nulla di più sòlido farèbbe  
Di quel che nel languóre e nell' oscuro  
Di quella solitudìne e' farìa :  
Che pèrfidi discórsi ad ascoltare  
Sarìa costrétto, e nella sua présenza  
Mólto importuni a amméttere, di sprèzzo  
(Malgrado ogni lor tìtolo) sol dégni :  
Che d' insidiosi laccj attorniato  
Sèmpre e' sarìa e d' ésèmpj contagiósi :

The maiden grew in beauty, and no less  
In gentle virtue 'neath his fostering care;  
And thus, ev'n in the spring-tide of her years,  
The glittering casket 'shrined a precious gem.  
While the meek shepherd saw his little flock  
Thrive healthfully in spirit day by day  
And prosper humbly 'neath his peaceful rule.

Wide spread the fame of his pure piety,  
His unobtrusive virtues; and at length  
The Sovereign Pontiff, Pious (of that name  
The Seventh) heard the tale of his good deeds:  
He who could well appreciate alike  
His meekness and his zeal; himself endow'd  
With every noble quality: possess'd  
Of all the gentler attributes which lend  
A higher charm to holiness—in heart  
Humble, and chaste, forgiving, pure, and kind;  
In days of happy fortune, full of praise  
And thankfulness to God for all His gifts:  
In sorrow bending meekly to the stroke,  
And trusting but the more in Him who smote.

Such was the Pope, who, to the humble priest  
Tender'd the mitre and the holy ring;  
But wanting faith in his own strength of soul  
To overcome the world's seductive snares,  
The village pastor shunn'd the princely gift.  
Full well he knew that in his solitude  
He had an equal power of good—while rais'd  
To such a glittering height, his weary ear  
Must hearken to foul flatterers; and his hours  
(The precious hours which now he gave to God)  
Be fritter'd in the service of the world;  
Spent amid lip-deep courtesies; the coin  
Which passes current, (although valueless)  
Among the great of earth—whom ev'n their rank,  
And empty titles screen'd not from his scorn.  
He yet remember'd how that world was rife  
With opportunities of sin, deceit,  
And dark example: how foul envy stalk'd

Che dell' invidia ei quivi nonotrèbbe  
Alle saétte ascóndersi, ó non fare  
Di sua fragilità trista espérienza :  
Ch' ivi mén luògo avria di seriaménte  
Pensare a sé, al suo Dio, ed alla mòrte :  
Che, come gli altri, anch' esso inebriato....  
Ammaliato quivi ed indurito  
Fòra a danno dell' anima : e che mèglio  
Sótto la man di Dio èra il restare  
(Ancorché alquanto l' ànima attristata)  
Lontan dal móndo, cèrto che il Signóre  
Tutte gustar fariagli le speranze  
Che l' Evangèl fà nàscere ed i falsi  
Beni ch' Ei toglie amar non gli farià.—  
Tale il Pàrroco avéa cosí vissuto  
De' povérèlli amico : degli afflitti  
Confortatore angèlico : consiglio  
A chi del cièl smarrito avéa 'l séntièro :  
Colónna a cui (di sé mai non fidando)  
I giusti s' appoggiàvano : l' amóre  
Di chi dintórno stàvagli : l' oggetto  
D' ammirazió da lunge e di stupóre ;  
Quando la Pèste, a correzió dell' uòmo  
Dalla giusta mandata ira di Dio  
(A rimèdio di cui né sénno umano,  
Né alcun valeva uman' provvedimento)  
In tal ferocità in quelle contrade  
Montò, che s' avventava (non diversa  
Che all' éscà il fuòco) agli uòmini !

Dolente,

Ma rassegnato ed ùmile, la mano

Abroad among the multitude ; and snares  
Subtle and strong encumber'd every path.  
That 'mid the vain and weak pursuits of life,  
He could not look so calmly upon death,  
So humbly meditate upon his God,  
So learn to know himself; but, like the crowd  
Of which he form'd a part, he might become  
Greedy of worldly pleasures, and forget  
The purer joys in which the soul has part.  
Better, he felt, to share a lowly lot  
Beneath the shadow of the Almighty hand,  
Tasting the blessed hopes, the holy truths  
Of the pure Gospel—Shielded by that love  
Which is of God, and of his solitude  
Could make a home of hope, and teach his heart  
To shun the ways which are not of the Lord.—

Thus had he lived ; the father of the poor :  
The comforter of the afflicted ; thus  
In his humility, the counsellor  
Of the bewilder'd ones, whose erring steps  
Had wander'd from the path which leads to Heaven :  
A pillar to the weak (who of themselves  
Hop'd not to stand;) beloved by all who felt  
The blessing of his virtues ; and the theme  
Of many, to whom rumour had detail'd  
His gentle piety, and modest rule.  
Thus had he liv'd, when to recall the thoughts  
Of sinful man, and bind them to Himself  
The Lord in anger sent upon the earth  
The Plague !—a plague so deadly, that the skill  
Of human wisdom, and of human care  
Alike avail'd not :—and which wildly spread  
From house to house, ev'n as a greedy flame  
Cast among straw, extends its fearful strength.

The Pastor's heart was heavy, for he saw  
The hand of the Almighty in the scourge



Vide il pastor che gli uòmini a colpire  
S'èra nel cièlo alzata : e dappo' ch' esso  
Bèn conoscéa, che l'ira del Signóre  
(L' offènder Cui è sì terribil còsa)  
Non altraménte plàcasi che orando  
E a Dio riconducèndoci pentiti,  
Fé tòsto promulgar, che il Dì seguènte  
Sarìa d' ùmili prèci e penitènza  
Giórno sacrato al Signór nòstro intiéro.

Del Sól forièra càndida a spuntare  
L' alba si féa da un nùvolo seguita  
Di minutissimi àngioli, che, lièti,  
L' órme di lei spargévano di ròse;  
Quando il suòno (a' Cattòlici sì grato)  
De' sacri brónzi fécesi ad udire,  
Ch' a penitènza è invito e alle préghièr.

Non guari andò, che piccola, ma fida  
La famigliòla in chièsa congregata  
Incamminarsi il pàrroco all' altare  
Vide in vólto atteggiato più che umano.

Intercessór fra il pòpolo e fra Dio  
Egli venìa pel pòpolo a pregare;  
E po' ché stato egli era uòmo diritto,  
Che, sèmpre da timór santo investito,  
Sèmpre lontan' dall' òpere malvagie,  
Di Dio più che dell' uòmo avea temuto,  
Còr non battéa de' suo' seguaci in pètto  
Che mólto all' efficacia non fidasse  
Dell' orazion del giusto al Signor suo.

Già consumato il santo sacrificio,  
Del pan si fer' degli àngioli a cibare

Which smote mankind ; humbly, as it became  
Alike his calling and his faith, to look  
Upon the will of God, so look'd he now  
In pious resignation ; yet with prayer,  
And penitence, and trust, by which he knew  
The mercy of the Lord alone would stoop  
To stay the visitation, he prepar'd  
To seek that mercy ; and to lead his flock  
To lean with lowly, humble hope on God !

The morrow to His service dedicate,  
The world and all its cares awhile cast off  
He bade them pass in deep humility,  
Contrite and heart-bow'd by their sense of sin !

The dawn, sweet herald of the rising sun,  
In all her beauty shone upon the earth,  
And shed her gentle light o'er stream and tree ;  
While vapours, on whose wings a thousand forms  
Ethereal and angelic, laughing lay,  
Marshall'd her way and strew'd her path with flowers.  
Meanwhile the sacred bells peal'd on the air  
Their thrilling music, (to the christian ear,  
So blissful in their melody) the call  
To piety and pray'r ! And ere they ceas'd  
Their welcome summons, from each humble cot  
Pour'd forth its inmates ; in their numbers weak,  
But firm in faith ; to kneel before the shrine  
Of the Eternal, at the altar-foot  
Upon whose steps their shepherd meekly stood,  
Serene in aspect.

He came there to pray  
For his poor trembling flock ; his cherish'd ones,  
The children of his care :—to raise the voice  
Of his beseeching, to an angry God  
For them and for himself. And they had faith  
Who look'd upon him in that awful hour ;  
For well they knew that he was free from guile ;  
That he had lov'd his Maker, and had shunn'd  
The paths of evil ; while, in pious fear  
Of the One Mighty Being, he had learnt  
To scorn all meaner suffering ; and they felt  
That God, in mercy, would receive his prayer !

The pious rite was ended ; and with joy

Tutti i fedéli approssimati all' ara :  
E a lor (perché di mòrte sovrastava  
Periglio, oggi, invisibile, trémendo)  
Il Sacraménto amministrò il Pastóre  
Com' ei facéa il Viàtico a chi muore.

Quì tutte èran' levate al cièl le menti :  
Quì tutti nell' amóre èran' di Dio  
Accési i cuòri, per virtù di Lui,  
Che (ardór divin....sant' àura !) sollèva  
Gli uòmini in Tèrra dalla mòta al cièlo !  
Talché quel tèmpio or tabernàcol èra  
D' amor, di penitènza, di préghièra  
Dai cuor', che (in cièlo in èstasi rapiti)  
Al suòn' chiedéan' degli órgani....all' odóre  
Chiedéan' de' sacri incènsi, a Dio perdóno !

In sé tutto raccòlto, a capo chino,  
Quì ténnesi alcun tèmpo il Sacerdòte.  
Al cièl le luci poi....al cièl le braccia  
Sollevò il giusto, e, in vóce ùmile e chiara,  
Sì con Davidde incominciò a pregare.

“ D' ogni ben fonte, e provvisore Iddio!  
“ O cibo, che di Té sazi (gustato)  
“ E di Té sèmpre asséti ! O Onnipossènte !  
“ Trino ed Uno ! O ineffàbile ! O perfètto !  
“ Tu, la cui glòria nàrrasi dai cieli,  
“ E ch' hai nel sóle il padiglion ripósto !  
“ Tu, la cui vóce sóvra l' acque mólte  
“ Stètte e tuónò, che fece i cédri in pèzzi,  
“ Scòsse il désèrto, e (di magnificènza  
“ Pièna) le macchie rischiarò già fólte !

The faithful stood around the altar : there  
To share the bread of life : not with such joy  
As grows out of the commerce of the world :  
But that which is of Heav'n, and born of faith.  
Death was around, among them, yet unseen,  
But not the less e'en in the very midst  
Of them and theirs, and thus ev'n in their joy  
A trembling awe stole o'er each prostrate heart,  
As they partook of the most holy bread  
Like dying men ; while every soul was fix'd  
In pious trust on Heav'n—and love grew up  
In every breast for all their fellow-men,  
And for the God whom they had sought in tears,  
And found in hope ! that God whose will can raise  
The human heart from its mere earthly state  
To heavenly purity ; and thus, through faith,  
That humble village church became the shrine  
Of trust, and penitence, and earnest prayer ;  
Where hearts (now rais'd in extacy to God)  
Amid the organ's swell, the costly breath  
Of the rich incense, and the suppliant tones  
Of christian orisons, were loud in praise !

The pastor's pray'r was voiceless ; but he stood  
With bow'd down head awhile amid his flock,  
Seeking the Lord in silence ; then he rais'd  
His eyes and hands to Heav'n, and in a tone,  
Humble and heartfelt, in the sacred strain  
Of David, did he lift his cry to God.

“ Thou who canst satisfy the human heart  
“ Which leans on Thee ; and yet inspire the wish  
“ To be more fully Thine ! Omnipotent !  
“ Mysterious ! and Ineffable ! The type  
“ Of all perfection ! Thou, of whom the Heavens  
“ Declare the Glory ! Who, amid the rays  
“ Of the Sun's brightness, hath built up the pomp  
“ Of Thine Eternal Temple ; Thou, whose voice  
“ Thunder'd across the seas, and rent the trunks  
“ Of the time-hallow'd cedars, on the crest  
“ Of lordly Lebanon ; and by its might  
“ Shook the far wilderness ; while (miracle  
“ Of majesty and pow'r !) to human eyes

- “ Fù la paròla Tua sèmpre diritta  
“ E fide sèmpre fur’ l’ òpere Tue !  
“ Misericòrdia Tu, Tu la Giustizia  
“ Amasti ed amerai, ché n’ è la Tèrra  
“ Tutta ripièna! sussistènza i cièli  
“ Ebber, Signor! dalla paròla Tua,  
“ Còme le lor virtudi dallo spìrto  
“ Della Tua bócca ottennerla pur tutte !  
“ Tu, quasi fósse in ótre, tutte quante  
“ Del mar l’ acque adunasti ! Tu dicesti,  
“ E fatte furon’ sùbito le còse !  
“ Tu comandasti, e fùrono create !  
“ Delle nazióni Tu mandi i diségnj  
“ In fumo ! Tu de’ prìncipi i consiglj  
“ Còme i pénsièr’ dei pòpoli fai vani ;  
“ Ma gli òcchi Tuòi Tu sèmpre su colóro  
“ Tièni, terrai e tenésti ch’ han’ fidanza  
“ In Tua mercé e Ti témono ! Di mòrte  
“ Tu sèi che l’ alma lìberi di lóro  
“ E che di fame in tèmpo li sostieni !  
“ Tu scudo sèi, Tu glòria e capo nòstro . . . .  
“ Quel per cui sól quì vivesi sicuri !  
“ Tu quel ch’ hai di dispèrder risoluto  
“ Chi parla la menzógna e tutti quelli  
“ Che iniquitate adòperano al móndo !  
“ La nòstra Luce Tu, sèmpre salute  
“ Nòstra fortèzza, ajuto e protèttore  
“ Se’ stato e in ogni età nòstro rifugio !  
“ Tu, pria che i mónti fóssero, ó formata  
“ Fósse la Tèrra, èri già Dio ab-étèrno,  
“ E per l’ eternità Tu sara’ Dio !



“ It laid the forests bare. Thy holy word,  
“ Oh Lord ! was ever righteous, and Thy works  
“ Magnificent in truth. The teeming earth  
“ Is full of Thee, oh Lord ! and all Thy laws  
“ Are just and merciful. The Heav’ns were made  
“ By Thine all-powerful word ; and the bright host  
“ Who people them, were call’d to life by Thee !  
“ Within the hollow of Thy mighty hand  
“ The ocean-waves were gather’d.—Thou did’st speak  
“ And, lo ! it was accomplish’d ; at Thy nod  
“ The obedient waters shrunk within their bounds.  
“ Thou castest down the purposes of Kings,  
“ And bowest all the nations to Thy will ;  
“ But unto they who fear Thee, doth Thine eye  
“ Incline, (as it hath ever done) and teach  
“ The hope Thy mercy only can insure !  
“ Thou dost deliver from the fear of death  
“ Their fainting souls ; and amid grievous want  
“ Sustainest those who trust in Thee !—Oh, Lord,  
“ Thou art our shield, our glory, and our strength ;  
“ Our safety is in Thee ; the vain shall fall,  
“ For Thou wilt not uphold them. In Thy sight  
“ All sin is hateful ; Thou alone can’st be  
“ Our light and our salvation. Strong in Thee,  
“ All generations safely shall abide  
“ Within the shadow of Thy dwelling-place.  
“ Before the mountains rais’d their mighty brows  
“ To Thy high throne, or earth had found its root  
“ (Planted by ‘Thee !) THOU WERT—The Eternal God  
“ From all beginning, still through all to be,  
“ Even to the end of all ! And what are we ?



- “ Omè, mìseri noi!—Tu colloca-  
“ Le nòstre iniquitadi a Té davanti  
“ Hai, Signor nòstro ! e della faccia Tua  
“ La nòstra vita avanti hai collocata ;  
“ Talché i dì nòstri vèngono a mancare  
“ E sòtto l’ira Tua siam’ consumati !  
“ Ah, perché mai, Signor, sì ritirato  
“ Ti se’ lontan da noi, e al maggior’ uòpo  
“ Noi figli Tuòi neglìgi desolati ?  
“ A Te dinanzi ingrati, peccatori  
“ Oggi quì stiam’ di mille còlpe rèi,  
“ Cièchi, ostinati, recidivi, immóndi,  
“ Delle passióni schiavi e del demònio :  
“ Ma dell’ uòm-Dio . . . del Figliuòl Tuo divino  
“ De’ mèriti nel nóme òggi quì stiamo  
“ A Te prostrati in làgrime davanti  
“ Mèrcé chiamando ed ùmili e pentiti !  
“ Nel furor Tuo riprènderci, o Signore,  
“ Deh non volére ! e non nell’ ira Tua  
“ Deh volér noi corrèggere ; ché in mòrte  
“ Di Te, Signor, non è chi si ricòrdi,  
“ Né nell’ infèrno mai chi Ti confessi !  
“ A noi Ti vòlgi, o Dio nòstro Signore,  
“ E i nòstri prèghi accètta ! Gli òcchi nòstri,  
“ Illùmina, gran Dio, affinché ’l sònno  
“ Non dòrmasi da noi mai della mòrte !  
“ In Tua misericòrdia ogni speranza  
“ No’ poniam’ òggi : e se salvar ci dégni  
“ Esulteranno i cuòr nella salute  
“ Che vièn’ da Te ! A noi ti póni a dèstra,  
“ E non sarém’ mai smòssi ! O nòstro ajúto,

“ Our sins rise bleak and bare, Almighty Lord  
“ Before Thy secret throne. And, in the light  
“ Of Thine Almighty countenance, stand forth  
“ The sum of our iniquities. Our years  
“ Consume away before Thy holy wrath ;  
“ And as an utter’d tale, lo ! they are gone !  
“ Why standest Thou afar, oh Lord ? And why  
“ Hast thou thus veil’d the brightness of Thy brow  
“ In this our day of trouble ? Bow’d by sin,  
“ We stand before Thee—ingrates, on whose souls  
“ The stains of guilt are graven, manifold  
“ Ev’n as Thy mercies : to Thy goodness blind  
“ In our off-falling hour ; the shrinking slaves  
“ Of our besetting passions : obstinate  
“ To our own ruin : subject to the wiles  
“ Of our arch-enemy—yet hear us, Lord,  
“ As mingling tears with our beseeching, thus  
“ Prostrate and humble, in our penitence  
“ We ask forgiveness for our Saviour’s sake !  
“ Oh Lord ! rebuke us not when Thou art wrath,  
“ Less we succumb beneath Thy frown.—The grave  
“ Is silent, and we may not there give thanks,  
“ Nor utter supplications.—Hear us, Lord !  
“ Thou art our God—our Maker—Let us look  
“ In trust on Thee, lest, losing the true light,  
“ We sleep the sleep of everlasting death !  
“ Lord ! we believe in Thee : our hearts are glad  
“ In Thy salvation. Be at our right hand,  
“ Jehovah ! and in Thee shall lie our strength.  
“ Forsake us not, for heaviness is near,

“ Signor, Redentor nòstro ! ah non ti fare  
“ Oggi da noi lontan, ch’ è già imminente  
“ Tribolazion ; ned è chi ci soccórra !  
“ A Te innalziam’ noi l’ anima, e si fida  
“ Oggi da noi in Te sólo ! Ah delle Tue  
“ Misericòrdie mèmbrati quest’ òggi  
“ Che ne’ passati sècoli già furo !  
“ Di nòstra gioventù scórda i delitti  
“ E le ignoranze ah scórda ; e sól mémòria  
“ Abbi di noi, per Tua benignitate,  
“ Di Tua mercé dal tròno ! L’ abbiezione  
“ Mira in cui siamo . . . . in quante, in quali pén  
“ Ed ogni peccar nòstro òggi perdóna !  
“ Tu (se pur vuòi) sei quel, che, nel venuto  
“ Giórno delle sciagure, ascóndere l’ uòm sai  
“ Nel Tabernàcol Tuo, ed, al copèrto  
“ Del Tabernàcol Tuo pórlo nel còre !  
“ In sfiniménto l’ anima ed il còrpo  
“ Prèsti a cadér sarèbber di noi tutti,  
“ Se nella tèrra di veder de’ vivi  
“ Non credéssimo i bèni del Signóre !  
“ A Te imperciò, Signor, le nòstre grida  
“ Oggi innalziam. Non star con noi in silènzio  
“ Ché, se Tu taci, tutti, cóme quèlli  
“ Che nella fòssa scéndon, no’ sarémo !  
“ Né sanità la carne, ned han’ l’ ossa,  
“ Del peccar nòstro a càusa, alcuna pace !  
“ Ah dalla faccia Tua non rigettarci,  
“ Né tor’ da noi lo spìrito Tuo Santo !  
“ A contemplar Tua glòria e ’l Tuo potére  
“ (Siccome in Santuario) a Te davanti

“ And help, save Thine, is none! we trust in Thee :  
“ To Thee do we lift up our souls; and dwell  
“ In humble hope upon the memory  
“ Of all Thy loving kindnesses, vouchsaf’d  
“ To us and to our fathers from all time.  
“ Remember not, oh God, our youthful sins,  
“ Nor the transgressions of our riper years ;  
“ In mercy, not in judgment, visit us;  
“ For heaviness is pressing on our hearts,  
“ And anguish is among us; look, oh Lord !  
“ On our afflictions, and forgive our sins.  
“ Thou in the time of trouble can’st provide  
“ A place of safety on Thy holy hill:  
“ Had not our fainting souls beheld Thy grace,  
“ And the undying mercy of Thy love,  
“ They had not stood before Thy fearful frown.  
“ To Thee we cry, oh Lord ! turn not away  
“ Thy pitying ear, lest in despair of help  
“ We sink and perish ! From our flesh hath fled  
“ The hue of healthfulness, and in our bones  
“ There is no rest—for we, oh God ! have sinn’d.  
“ Forsake us not, Eternal ! nor withdraw  
“ Thy holy spirit from us. Amid fears,  
“ To-day we seek Thee, Lord ! In humble hope  
“ To look upon Thee in Thy sacred place  
“ In power and glory ; at Thine altar-foot  
“ We congregate—We dwell in sterile lands

“ Ci presentiamo in tèrra ch’ è désèrta,  
“ Ch’ acque non ha né vie !—Tu ci govèrna :  
“ A Te richiama, o Dio, l’ anime nòstre,  
“ E pel sentier ci ména di giustizia,  
“ Sicché, quand’ anche camminare in mèzzo  
“ All’ ómbra no’ dovéssimo di mòrte,  
“ Sèmpre sperare in Te.... sempre vogliamo  
“ Lòdi, o Signóre, aggiungere a Tue lòdi,  
“ Ché, quanto è dalla tèrra il cièl levato  
“ Tanto Tu fatta la mercé Tua grande  
“ Hai vèrso quéi che témonti ! Tu quanto  
“ Lontano egli è dall’ Orto l’ Occidènte  
“ Rimuovera’ da noi le cólpe nòstre,  
“ E, cóme padre ch’ ha pietà de’ figlj,  
“ Tu compassión, Signore, avra’ di noi,  
“ Ché di che siam’ fómati bèn conósci !  
“ Padre, ramménta che dell’ uòmo i giòrni  
“ Son’ cóm’ èrba.... e che pólvère siam’ noi !  
“ Sàlvaci ! è all’ uòm quant’ è no’ ridirémo  
“ Tua Santità magnífica e gloriósa !  
“ Di Tua soavità noi l’ abbondanza  
“ Rammenterém’, cantando, e farém’ fèsta  
“ Di Tua giustizia ! Te Signór benigno  
“ All’ uòm dirém’ che sèi.... Signor paziente....  
“ Bénèfico Signor ! Che in tutte quante  
“ L’ òpere Tue le Tue misericòrdie  
“ Sèmpre èbber luògo ed hanno !—A Te noi lòde  
“ Sèmpre darémo, e Te benediranno  
“ Sèmpre i Tuoi santi, che del régno Tuo  
“ Sèmpre, festanti, ridiran’ la glòria,  
“ E sèmpre canteran’ del Tuo potére !”

“ Where moisture is not ; and the thirsty earth  
“ Pants for the cooling waters : lead us, Lord,  
“ Beside those waters, that our souls may drink,  
“ And be refresh’d through Thee. To the sweet paths  
“ Of righteousness, conduct us, for the sake  
“ Of Thine Almighty name ; that, though we tread  
“ The valley in whose shadows there is death,  
“ We yet may fear no evil, led by Thee !  
“ Thou art our hope, oh God ! and still our trust  
“ Will be in Thee for ever ; while Thy praise  
“ Shall be our daily theme—Ev’n as the Heav’ns  
“ Are high above the earth, so is Thy love  
“ And Thine unfailing mercy to all those  
“ Who fear Thy laws. As from the east, the west  
“ Is parted, even thus wilt Thou remove  
“ Transgression from the faithful. And no less,  
“ As a fond father pitieth his child  
“ So Thou, oh Lord ! wilt pity all who trust  
“ In Thee, and in Thy promises ; Thy strength  
“ Shew mercy to our weakness. Man, oh God !  
“ Is nothing in Thy sight : his days endure  
“ But as the grass—and he is born of dust !  
“ Save us, Almighty Lord ! that we may tell  
“ The wondrous glories of Thy Majesty ;  
“ And, blessed in our worship, sing the praise  
“ Of Thine abundant goodness, and the grace  
“ Of Thy compassion. In Thine anger slow,  
“ And mighty in Thy mercy, art Thou, Lord !  
“ Thy blessing is on all who trust in Thee,  
“ Thy tender care shed over all Thy works.  
“ Thy praise shall be for ever on our lips ;  
“ Thy saints shall bless Thee, and eternally  
“ Shall tell the glories of Thy power ; their theme  
“ For ever and for ever, still the same !”



Ricominciar' quì gli órgani a suonare,  
 E genuflèssò il pòpolo pregava,  
 Che per la man del giusto Iddio su tutti  
 Benediziòn mandasse, che colóro  
 Che scamperìen dal mòrbo fésse grati,  
 Dritti pòi sèmpre, e sino all' ùltim óra  
 A Dio fedéli; e del célèste spírto  
 Désse confòrto agli altri, che del móndo  
 Avéa ch' ei partirèbbero fermato.

Su i genuflèssi l' Ostia il sacerdòte  
 Quì (più con l' alma in cièl che sulla tèrra)  
 Levò....li benedisce....e le sue prèci  
 In nùgolo d' incènso insino al cièlo  
 Fur dall' angelo (intèrpetre fédéle  
 Nunzio giocóndo) a Cristo sollevate;  
 E, póste nel turríbolo d' Amóre,  
 Furon' da Cristo presentate al Padre.

Benignaménte accòlsele l' Etèrno :  
 Ma (come quei che me' véde di noi)  
 D' ogni passata al giusto una sciagura  
 Quì preparò, bench' ùltima, più cruda,  
 Perch' ei dell' amor suo désse al suo Dio  
 Pròva, che dégno lo farà dei cièli !

De' vestiménti sacri dispogliato,  
 Alla dilètta sua picciola casa  
 Tornò di Dio il ministro accètto a Dio.—  
 Casa ? . . . (misero padre !). . . . ah non più casa !  
*Stanza or di morte !* e, se pur rèsti in vita,  
 Stanza sarà, che, de' felici tèmpi  
 Nella misèria tua tristo ricòrdo,  
 Ti fia stroménto del dolór maggióre !

Again the organs peal'd their song of praise ;  
Again on bended knees the little flock  
Put up a prayer to Heav'n, that when their priest  
Should raise his hand to bless them, through his means  
A blessing from on high might visit them ;  
And, by the mercy of a gracious God,  
Pour on the hearts of those who (spar'd by Him,)  
Fell not beneath the dreaded scourge, a sense  
Of their own sins : a pure and pious trust  
In the Eternal ; with the gratitude  
Born of a righteous faith, which might endure  
Unto their dying day. While for the doom'd,  
They ask'd the comfort of the Lord their God,  
To solace them in their departing hour.

The pray'r was said ; and with a pious joy,  
The pastor rais'd the consecrated bread,  
And bless'd his kneeling flock. That pray'r was heard,  
And register'd on high ; but God, whose will  
Is, beyond human understanding, wise,  
Seeing all things to us invisible,  
Decreed a heavy judgment on the just ;  
The keenest trial of his life, to yield  
Occasion for a brighter proof of trust,  
And faith in his Creator ; that his soul,  
By sorrow purified, might in His sight  
Be worthy of Eternity in Heaven !  
In reverence the pastor laid aside  
His sacerdotal robe : and forth he went  
In peace with God and with his fellow men,  
Upon the path which pointed to his home.  
Home !—wretched father ! that beloved cot  
To thee is home no longer—Death is there !  
And it will stand, throughout thy latter years  
A monument of human martyrdom :  
For never shalt thou enter there, but sight  
Of thy bereavement, shall bring memories  
Of thy lost happiness !

“ Maria ?”

“ Padre, i' mi morò !”

“ Oh voce ! oh vista !

“ Oh strazio !”

Erasi spinto nell' umile

Camera appéna della figlia amata,

Ch' ei si fermò a tré passi esterrefatto,

Discolorato, attònito, gelato,

Con gli òcchi in lei fissati il genitóre.

“ Padre, i' mi mòro !” (l' angelétta bèlla  
Quì ripigliò) “ fa' còre ! è giusto Iddio !

“ Dio mi ti dètte, e mi ti tòglie Iddio !

“ Figlia a te nata e delle tue virtùdi

“ Cresciuta all' ómbra, fàcile è il morire !

“ Spuntato dardo in mé scoccò la mòrte,

“ Sì che il passar per mé sémбра un cadére

“ Qual chi da sónno plàcido è sorprésa !

“ Mèzza ho nel cièl già l' ànima !

“ Oh rimìra . . . .

“ Mira di giglj una ghirlanda bèlla

“ Pòrgere a me quell' Angel che sorride !

“ Mira quell' altro, o padre ! in te guardare

“ Seréno in vólto sì—ma non sì liéto,

“ Quasi che attènda (giùdice imparziale)

“ Se a tentazion piegando ó contrastando,

“ Quella palma ch' ei tiène e la coróna

“ Meriterai di glòria !” . . . .

“ Oh dal profondo

“ Qual vóce, o padre, è questa sepolcrale ?

“ Questa del tuo servir . . . .dell' amar Dio”

(Sì a mormorare in trànsito rapita

“ Mary? my child?”

“ My Father, I am dying”—

“ Gracious God,

“ Can I have heard aright? Almighty Powers,

“ Look I upon reality? my heart

“ Is bursting !”

Stricken even to the earth,

The wretched parent paus'd ere he had ta'en  
Three steps across the treshold ; then he stood  
Transfixed with wonder, speechless, and amaz'd ;  
While horror, chilling his warm blood to ice,  
Fell on his heart, and quiver'd through his frame.

“ Father ! I die”—so murmur'd out the voice  
Of the angelic sufferer : “ do not mourn

“ In heaviness of soul. The Lord is just :

“ He gave me to thy love, and He reclaims

“ The gift which He had made—I feel the chill

“ Of death within my bosom, but the edge

“ Of his relentless arrow has been dull'd

“ In mercy to my weakness ; and I sink

“ As 'twere into a sleep, so calm and sweet

“ That ev'n now my soul can taste of Heaven!

“ Behold! an angel hovers near my bed :

“ And, smiling, offers to my trembling clasp

“ A lilied garland, wreath'd by seraph hands !

“ And lo ! I see another gaze on thee,

“ My father, and my guide : his brow is bright,

“ But still he smiles not like the first,—He waits,

“ (As an impartial judge) to watch the strife

“ Within thy breast ; to learn if thou wilt yield

“ Thy spirit to despair ; or, strong in faith,

“ Resign to God that which is His : and win

“ The crown of glory that ev'n now he brings

“ To place upon thy brow—

“ Ha! woe is me—

“ What fearful voice is this, which on my ear

“ Falls in sepulchral tones?

“ ‘ Is this the meed

“ Won by the love and trust of God?’ ” Thus spoke

The dying girl in her delirium :

- Si fé Maria le voci ch' ella udiva)  
“ La mercé dunque è questa! miser uomo!  
“ A che dal sén matèrno ei fuòr ti trasse  
“ Iddio?—oh fossi tu stato consunto  
“ Pria ch' uman' òcchio avésseti veduto;  
“ La luce a che concèdere all' afflitto  
“ Che la sua via non véde, po' ché Dio  
“ L' ha di tènebre tutto circondato?  
“ Ecco quel che temevi òggi accaduto,  
“ Ed i sospètti tuoi verificati!  
“ Ecco le fréccie in té fisse di Dio,  
“ Il cui velén lo spìrito ti béve.....  
“ Ed ecco ad assediarti òggi i terróri!  
“ Ecco in ritaggio tuo òggi assegnati  
“ Vuòti mési di pace e di ristòro,  
“ E tutte doloróse a te assegnate  
“ Ecco le nòtti! Fùggono i tuòi giòrni;  
“ E, del tuo còr torménto, ei tutti in fumo  
“ Risòlvonsi, o infelice! i tuoi diségnj:  
“ Il povérèllo che stridéva afflitto,  
“ Oh di', non liberasti? ed al pupillo  
“ Di difensor lasciato al móndo privo  
“ Tutór non fósti tu? Cónfòrto al còre  
“ Della védova tu, di', non porgésti?  
“ Della giustizia tu non ti vestiti  
“ Come d' un manto, e della tua equitate  
“ Come d' un sèrto, di', non t' adornasti?  
“ Delle afflizioni altrui, di', non piangésti?  
“ E non er' ella l' ànima pietósa  
“ Di', al povérèl che ti si fé davanti?  
“ Ecco qual Dio ti rènde òggi mercéde!

Lending wild words to the strange phantasy  
Which shook her spirit:—"Wherefore wert thou brought  
" Into a world of care, to be a wretch?  
" Far better had'st thou died, and pass'd away,  
" Where mortal eyes could look on thee no more!  
" Why should light shine upon the stricken soul,  
" Whose paths are shadow'd, and whose ways are dark?  
" Thy fear is come upon thee; and the cloud  
" Has burst on thy devoted head: the shaft  
" Of the Almighty quivers in thy breast,  
" And its fell poison drinketh up thy blood.  
" A God of terrors stands before thee, strong  
" In His Almighty strength. Thy hopes are false;  
" And weary days and sleepless nights are thine.  
" Thy dream of joy is over: all the plans  
" And purposes of thine existence, void;  
" The very thoughts of thy most secret heart  
" Cast back upon thee!—Tell me, didst thou not  
" Succour the poor, protect the fatherless,  
" And help the weak? did'st thou not ever make  
" The heart of the lone widow sing for joy?  
" Wert thou not righteous? were not thy decrees  
" Sincere and just? did'st thou not weep with all  
" Who were in sorrow? and thy soul wax faint,  
" And heavy, for the trials of the poor?  
" Lo, how thy God rewards thee for thy zeal!



“ Felicità aspettasti . . . . ecco sciagure !

“ Sperasti luce . . . . e sopraggiunto è il bujo !

“ Per avversario Suo t' ha préso Iddio,

“ Onde a te stesso or grave diventato

“ Sei peso insòpportàbile ed odióso !”

“ Nò, figlia, nò !—Voce tutt' altra ascólto !”

(Sì il genitor, che un giovine per mano

Allora allor comparso in quella stanza

Muto teneva, che paréa il Dolore,

Appressàtosi al lètto di Maria,

Che, in doloróso trànsito, gli oggètti

Pèrsi di vista che le stéan' davanti,

Or mèzza, a quélle vóci immaginate,

S' èra svenuta, in vóce a lèi soave

Le replicò)—“ Nò, figlia! Altra . . . . tutt' altra

“ La vóce è che mi suòna òggi nel còre !”

A pòco à pòco quì schiudéva, ai suòni

Del genitor, Maria le chiuse luci,

Benché né in lui levàssele né in Carlo

Che il genitor tenéva per la mano.

“ Ascóltami, mio fido !” (oggi, o Maria,  
Sènto nel còre a dirmi)

“ È l' ingiustizia . . . . .

“ Fù l' empietà da Dio sèmpre lontana !

“ Secóndo l' azion' sue Ei sèmpre all' uòmo

“ Renderà Dio ! Senza ragióne Ei mai,

“ Mai non condanna ó giùdica ! Dal giusto

“ Non mai torcerà Dio gli sguardi Suoi !

“ Chi dalle mani sue l' iniquitate

“ Rimuoverà . . . . chi scévra d' ingiustizia

“ Terrà sua casa, alzar potrà la faccia

“ When thou did'st ask a blessing, evil came :  
“ And for the light, grew darkness. On thy brow  
“ Thy Lord hath set a seal; and thou art grown  
“ A trouble and a burthen to thyself !”

“ Not so, my child—I hear a holier voice—”  
The stricken father murmur'd, (as he stood  
Beside the dying bed : his aged hand  
Fast lock'd in that of one, who, with a brow  
On which the anguish of unutter'd grief  
Was trac'd amid its majesty of youth ;)  
Gaz'd on the dying girl ; who, lost to all  
Of earth, and earthly feeling, with closed eyes  
Lay, sunk in stupor : “ 'Tis not so, my child :”  
He gently murmur'd :—“ in my inmost heart  
A holier accent lingers.”—

As he spoke,

His dying daughter rais'd her heavy eyes,  
To Heav'n, but look'd not on the holy man,  
Nor on the youth beside him :—“ Thus it speaks,  
“ My Mary, that bless'd voice ; Incline thine ear,  
“ My faithful servant, God, the Lord of all  
“ Escheweth evil ; and His holy will  
“ Worketh not wickedness. Ev'n by their deeds  
“ Shall He judge all mankind. In His decrees  
“ Justice and righteousness shall rule. His eyes  
“ Are ever on the faithful ; he, whose soul  
“ Shall put away the sin which clouds its light,  
“ The evil which pollutes his dwelling-place,  
“ Him will the Lord uphold, and raise his head

- “ Essèndo senza màcola; avrà stato  
 “ Sènza timóri immòbile; in obblìo  
 “ Ei la misèria sua manderà tutta,  
 “ O d’ essa pur verrà ch’ ei si ramménti  
 “ Come di pièna d’ acque già passate.”  
 “ Maria ! chi m’ha proméssò è un Dio fedéle,  
 “ E quello io sò chi sia in ch’ i’ crédètti.  
 “ Della fidanza mia non vo’ far gètto....  
 “ Il guiderdóne è immènso che la ségue!  
 “ Dio mi ti tòglie : a sé Dio ti ritira.  
 “ Va’ beata. . . . va’ giòvine. . . . e innócènte !  
 “ Non guari andrò, che in Dio ritroveròtti.  
 “ D’ *Abràm* la fé, di *Giòbbe* la paziènza  
 “ Pregherò Dio mi dóni, onde la pròle  
 “ Unica amata, ch’ olocàusto Ei chiède,  
 “ Sènza quérèle a Lui rènda (suo dóno).  
 “ È la paziènza al móndo necessaria,  
 “ Acciò, di Dio la volontà facèndo,  
 “ Delle promésse Sue s’ éntri al possèssò !  
 “ Sol brève tèmpo, o figlia ! e verrà Quégli,  
 “ Che dèe senza ritardo a noi venire.”

Abbonacciata l’ anima (in témpèsta  
 Dianzi scónvòlta dell’ Infèrno al suòno)  
 S’ èra quì tutta ; e in vólto di Maria  
 Già lo splendór d’ aurèola si vedéa,  
 Quando levando, plàcida, le luci,  
 Nel giovinétto misero incontròssi  
 A lei proméssò spòso, ch’ ór la stava  
 Muto guardando stàtua sènza pianto !

- “ Carlo ! Carlo ! ” (ella disse) “ oh de’ miei lièti  
 “ Giórni compagno ! cui sperato avéva

" With honour in the land ; he shall forget  
 " The sorrows of his days ; or if perchance  
 " Their memory cross his spirit, it shall be  
 " But as the recollection of the spent  
 " And wasted waters of a former year.  
 " Mary, the Lord is faithful ! He hath said,  
 " And He will hold His promise consecrate ;  
 " I know the God in whom my soul hath trust ;  
 " Nor doth that trust now waver—God recalls  
 " Thy spirit to Himself—I yield thee up  
 " To happiness, for thou art young and pure !  
 " Ere long I shall rejoin thee ; for ere long  
 " We shall be re-united in the realms  
 " Of the Eternal Lord of Heav'n. Meanwhile  
 " I will beseech of Him to strengthen me,  
 " To grant to me the faith of Abraham,  
 " And the pure patience of the suffering Job ;  
 " That, without murmur, I may piously  
 " Give back His gift—my only, cherish'd child.  
 " The sacrifice which He requires ! Mankind  
 " Must learn to suffer in their pilgrimage,  
 " That, having done the bidding of the Lord,  
 " They may await His promise. Yet awhile  
 " A little while, my Mary ; and our God  
 " Will come, as He hath said !"

The fleeting soul  
 Of the poor sufferer, into which the voice  
 Of the fell tempter had breath'd trouble, hush'd  
 By the lov'd tones of her sole parent, sank  
 Into a heavenly calm ; and on her brow  
 Gather'd the brightness of a better world !  
 She rais'd her gentle eyes, and she beheld  
 Her own betroth'd one near her ; dumb with grief,  
 Voiceless and tearless, gazing on her still  
 In tender anguish ;

" Is it thee ?" she ask'd ;  
 " Thee, the companion of my happy days ?

“ Spòso in brève ottenére e mio signóre,  
 “ Altro di me dispónsi òggi, qual védi !  
 “ Un padre or mi si tòglie ed uno spòso ;  
 “ Ma pel padre, ch’ i’ pèrdo, oh guarda ! apèrte  
 “ Le braccia Sue ad accògliermi mi stènde  
 “ Oggi un Iddio, in cui dell’ uman’ còre  
 “ Tutti gli affètti a pàscere si vanno.  
 “ Di me non piànger tu, ché i giòrni mièi  
 “ Fansi, morèndo, ètèrni, e in lùme ètèrno  
 “ Gli òcchi, ch’ io móstro or chiudere, dischiudo.  
 “ Tuoì giòrni alla virtù, Carlo ! consacra !  
 “ Sia sóle la virtù, Carlo ! che illustri  
 “ Ogni òpra tua !—Ell’ è stélla fedéle  
 “ Che più risplènde quanto nòtte è buja !  
 “ Sèrvi la patria ; assisti il padre mio :  
 “ A te lo lascio . . . . in cura a te ! Tu l’ ama ;  
 “ Sèrvilo or tu per me !

“ Ma, esecutore

“ Perché del chièder mio ùltimo, o Carlo !  
 “ Fido rimanga.—

“ Ah, padre, il sacraménto”

(Sì quì rivòlta al padre àngelo in viso !)

“ Deh mi amministra ! Di Maria la mano  
 “ Del giovinétto a quèlla indì congiungi,  
 “ E fa’, che spòsa a lui, I’ dalla tèrra  
 “ Al cièl vóli beata a pregar Dio,  
 “ Che quì di pace, e pòi fàcciavi dóno  
 “ Di glòria sempitèrna a entrambi in cièlo.”

Tutte in guardia del còr raccòlser’ ei  
 Quì lor virtù, lo spòso e il genitóre !  
 L’ altar già nella camera s’ apprèsta :

“ Thee, whom in my fond blindness I believ’d  
 “ Would be so soon my husband and my lord ?  
 “ Behold ! the hand of Heav’n hath interpos’d—  
 “ And we are parted by the Almighty will ;  
 “ But still in losing all which, while ‘on earth  
 “ I held most sacred, I secure a place  
 “ Beside my God in Heaven ; and His arms  
 “ Are open to receive me ; He, the Lord  
 “ Of all things holy—from whose love, the heart  
 “ Of man inherits all its purest joys.—  
 “ Weep not for me ; I shall exchange the life  
 “ Of this poor earth, for an Eternity  
 “ Of blessedness on high ; and though mine eyes  
 “ Close to the light of this world, they will look  
 “ Ere long upon the brighter light of Heaven !  
 “ Beloved ! live for virtue—let thy days  
 “ Be consecrate to good ; let purity  
 “ Be thine abiding beacon, by whose beams  
 “ Thine every deed may shine serenely forth ;  
 “ Virtue is as the midnight star which seems  
 “ But lov’lier from the darkness shed around.  
 “ Be faithful to thy country ! and with care  
 “ Support my aged father in his grief :  
 “ ’Tis to thy love I leave the sacred charge ;  
 “ Be to him as a son—be to him all  
 “ That I once hoped to be—

“ Yet would I bind

“ Thy love to him by a yet dearer tie ;  
 “ Father—” (and Mary rais’d her languid eyes  
 To her last parent with a smile of light :)  
 “ Let me partake once more before I die  
 “ Of the most holy sacrament : and then  
 “ I pray thee join my hand with his ; that thus  
 “ He may yet call me ‘ wife ’—and when I kneel  
 “ In spirit at the footstool of my God,  
 “ I may unite your names, as I beseech  
 “ For both, the blessing of a life of peace,  
 “ And an eternity of joy !”

The two

Who stood beside her, piously controul’d  
 The anguish which o’erwhelm’d them ; and in haste  
 Her wishes were obey’d ; an altar rose



Già da fedéli mólti accompagnato  
 Con cére e prèghi e làgrime ad entrare  
 Ecco Gesù velato in man del padre :  
 Ecco sull' ara ei pórlo : ècco le prèci  
 Ei pronunciar . . . ripètersi dagli altri :  
 Ecco Gesù (viático !) nel còre  
 Già di Maria discénder Redentóre :  
 Ecco l' anèl di Carlo il nòbil vècchio  
 Pór della mano or pàllida nel dito :  
 Entrambe, ècco, congiungersi le dèstre :  
 Ecco un sorriso d' àngelo apparire  
 Sul vólto di Marìa : ècco sue luci  
 Fissarsi in Carlo : al cièlo indi levarsi . . .  
 Chinarsi a pòco a pòco . . . èccole chiuse !!!—

“ Spirò la giusta !” (ei quì seréno il padre,  
 Inginocchiato, al cièl disse rivólto)

“ Di pace in paradiso àngelo bèllo,

“ Da un móndo traditór Maria volata

“ Or' ha coróna in cièlo!!!”

“ Della spòsa,

“ Carlo, ór ramménta l' ùltimo volère ;

“ Pèrsa non l' hai . . . in cièl Dio te la sèrba!

“ Fù dell' ùltime sue vóci il tenóre

“ *Sèrvi la patria !*—va', vóla! in periglio

“ Oggi è la patria éstrèmo ! Ah tu per éssa

“ Pugna da pròde . . . . . e pròsperiti Iddio !”

Spòso in un punto e vedovo si scòsse

A questi détti il giòvine, che in còre

Gli risvegliar' l' erè. Alla defunta

Pièno d'angòscia un guardo . . . un lungo sguardo

Vòlse, e d' ivi in un àttimo fù fuori.—

Within her chamber ; and the bread of life,  
Encompass'd round by waxen tapers, stood  
Beside the bed of death ; while tears were blent  
With the low orisons of those who throng'd  
To join the solemn service. On his knees  
The pastor pray'd ; and every echoing voice  
Peal'd back the supplication, as with faith  
In her Redeemer's mercy, Mary shar'd  
The consecrated bread. The rite perform'd,  
The wretched father on the pallid hand  
Of his expiring daughter, plac'd the ring  
Which wedded her to her affianc'd one ;  
Then bending o'er the death-couch, in one clasp  
He join'd their hands—a beaming smile of joy  
Play'd o'er the features of the dying bride ;  
While her soft eyes turn'd their last look of love  
Upon her new-made husband, ere they rais'd  
A long calm gaze to Heaven ; then closing, shut  
The light of day for ever out in death !  
“ The pure in heart hath pass'd away ! ” proclaim'd  
The father, as resign'd, he bent his knee,  
And look'd in faith to Heav'n : “ My Mary now  
“ An angel, freed from the world's blighting bonds,  
“ Hath fled to gain a crown of light on high !  
“ Remember, Charles, her latest prayer to thee ;  
“ She still is thine : a God of peace and love  
“ Shields her beneath the shadow of his wings :  
“ Forget not her injunction—Go, my son,  
“ *Be faithful to thy country !* She hath need  
“ Of trusty hearts to serve her, for her straight  
“ Is imminent—fight for her liberty—  
“ As thou art brave, be true—God guard thee, boy,—  
“ Go forth, and struggle for thy fatherland ! ”  
The widow'd husband started ; for those words  
Had woke the hero in his heart—one look,  
One long and anguish'd look upon the dead  
He turn'd, and fled the chamber.

In oraziòn passò il padre la nòtte  
E in preparare a seppellìr la figlia.

Il ricomparso Sóle èra al meriggio,  
Quando, recato sulle braccia fide  
Di mèsti amici, uscìr di quella casa  
Il fèretro si vide che chiudéa  
La spòglia immacolata di Marià.  
Suonavan' óra a pianto le campane ;  
E sparso il cimiterio èra di gènte...  
Di gènte amica, che piangéa in silènzio.

Diètro il fèretro primo si vedéa  
Venire il padre, ch' espriméa nel vólto  
L' uomo, che, afflitto, si confida in Dio !  
— Po' ché dell' acqua santa e dell' incenso  
E delle prèci pòi gli ùltimi rìti...  
Gli ùltimi onóri èbbe alle spòglie ei rési,  
Con fèrmo passo, in atto ùmile e pio,  
Fécesi al luògo apprèssò, óve la tèrra  
Dovéa la figlia accòrre. —

Il catalètto

Avéan' le funi al fón-do della fòssa  
Già già depósto : e già si preparava  
(Nel suo Signór fortíssimo) a gettarvi  
Pòchi grani di tèrra il genitóre,  
Quando di pólve un nùvolo da lunge  
Approssimar fù visto : indi un confuso  
Romór s' udì, che, fattosi già prèssò,  
Tuòn diventò di gèmiti e di strida,  
Finché d' insanguinati fuggitivi  
Turba si vide uscìr di quella nube,  
Che, spaventata, entrare in ispavènto

Through the night  
The father watch'd and pray'd; or lavish'd cares  
Upon his sainted child.

The noontide sun  
Rose high in Heaven upon the morrow. Slow  
And solemn mov'd the funeral train, who bore  
The sinless Mary to her early grave;  
The dirge-like bells gave forth a heavy note:  
And in the place of graves, a throng of friends  
Wept out their grief in silence. Following close  
Behind the dead, the pastor mov'd along  
Stricken, but patient in unshaken faith:  
Above the clay he pray'd, the holy rites  
Firmly he paid; and then, with faltering step,  
He slowly mov'd still nearer to the edge  
Of the low grave which held his lovely one!  
With trembling hand a portion of the soil  
He rais'd, to cast upon the coffin lid,  
Thus blending dust with dust—when lo, a cloud  
Was seen afar, and as it mov'd along,  
A sound was heard, a wild and withering sound  
Of groans, and lamentations, shrieks, and wails!  
Nearer it came—and human forms were seen  
Sullied with blood and flying from their foes.  
Now quail'd each heart at its own prophecy,

Fé i còr pur essi, che non mai dinanzi  
Avéan' timór saputo còsa fósse.

Al primo di que' mìseri anelante,  
Brutto di sangue e pólvère, “ Che rèchi ? ”  
(Domandò il padre)

“ È la città caduta ! ”

“ Caduta ? . . . . e Carlo ? ”

“ Qual léon feróce

“ Pugnando è mòrto ”

“ E mòrto !!! (in basse vóci

Ei sì ripeté séco il genitóre)

E pòi continuando, “ Oh Signór mio ! ”

(Disse in suo còr) “ Signore ! ècco del sèrvo

“ Compiuto il sacrificio ! Ch' i' t' amai

“ Oggi ramménta. . . . e quanto !—Se la sèrie

“ Delle sventure mie basta a placare,

“ Di Gesù Cristo in nóme, l' ira Tua,

“ Ch' i co' peccati mièi mi meritai,

“ Oggi nel séno Tuo l' ùmile accògli

“ Tuo servitór pentito. . . . e mi da' pace ! ”

Diè il cénno Iddio : e l' àngelo di mòrte  
Liève l' ómbra passò della man sua  
Sulle palpèbre del cristian fedéle,  
Perch' ei, sì come sónno lo pigliasse,  
Quì cadde in tèrra. . . . e si destò nel cièlo !

The boldest like the basest. One at length  
Of the lost fugitives, spent, smear'd with blood,  
Reach'd that calm grave yard.

“ Tell thy fearful news—”

The stricken pastor murmur'd :

“ All is lost—

“ The city swarms with tyrants”—

“ And my son ?”

“ He died the lion's death”—

“ Is he too dead ?”

Gasp'd out the childless man ; then silently  
Within his spirit-depths he breath'd a pray'r  
To the most Holy One.

“ Almighty Lord,

“ The sacrifice which Thou hast sought of me

“ Is made, and they are Thine—and died for Thee !

“ I am Thy servant, Lord, remember me

“ To-day when I am stricken ; above all

“ Of earth and earthly pleasures, have I lov'd

“ Thy laws, oh God ! If then my worldly woes

“ Be deem'd sufficient in Thy sight (combined

“ With my Redeemer's merits) to appease

“ The holy wrath, which by my many sins

“ I have drawn down in justice on myself,

“ Do Thou in mercy, Lord, receive me now

“ Into Thy heavenly peace—unto Thyself

“ Take me—and give me rest !”

His pray'r was heard—

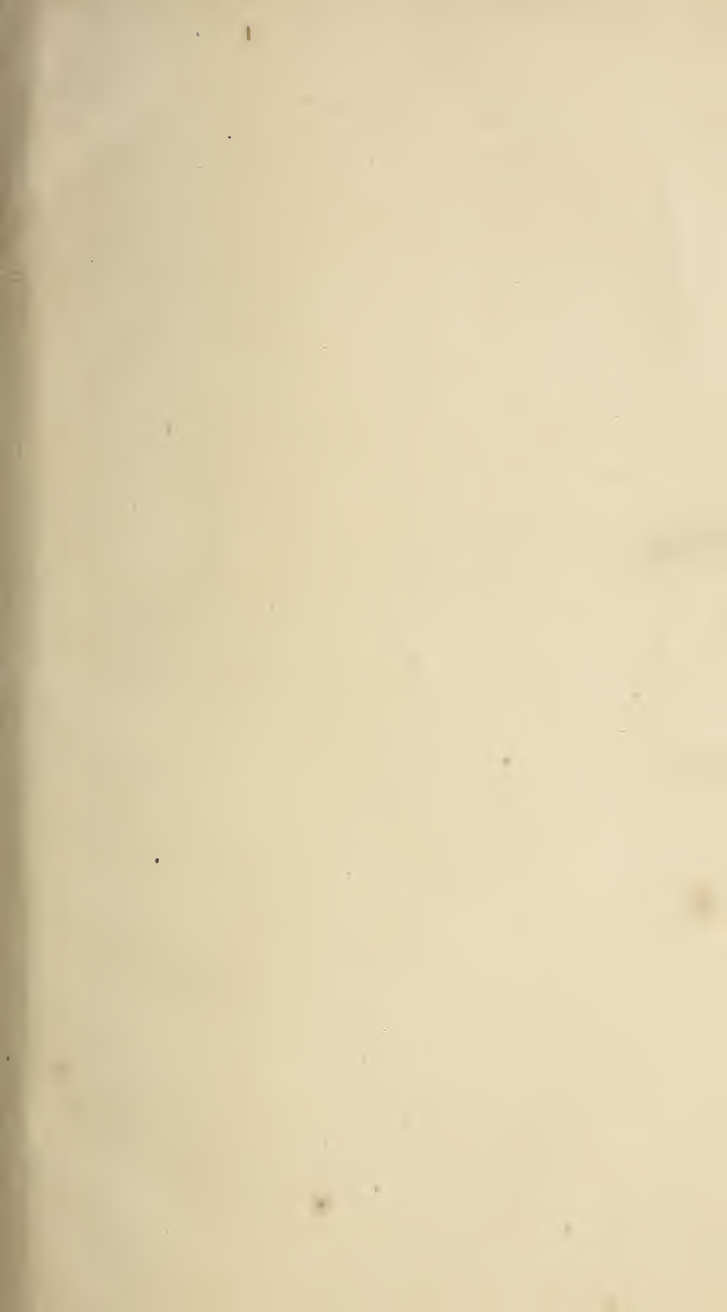
God gave the sign ; and o'er his forehead pass'd  
The hand of the Destroyer ; while like one  
Who sinks, o'erwhelm'd by weariness, to sleep,  
The Christian slumber'd by his daughter's grave,  
And woke again to dwell a Saint in Heaven !

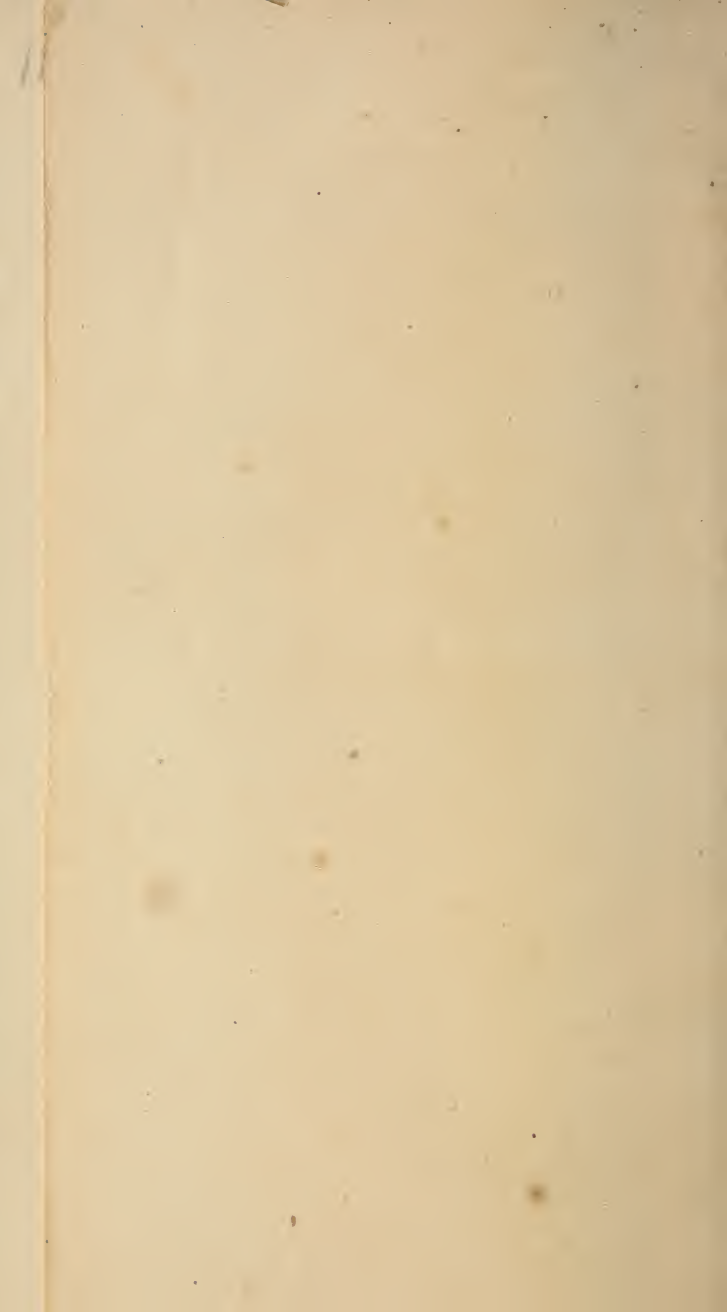


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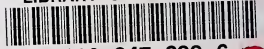
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